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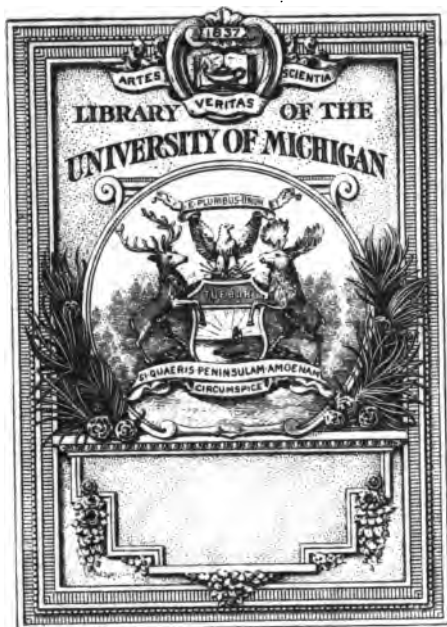
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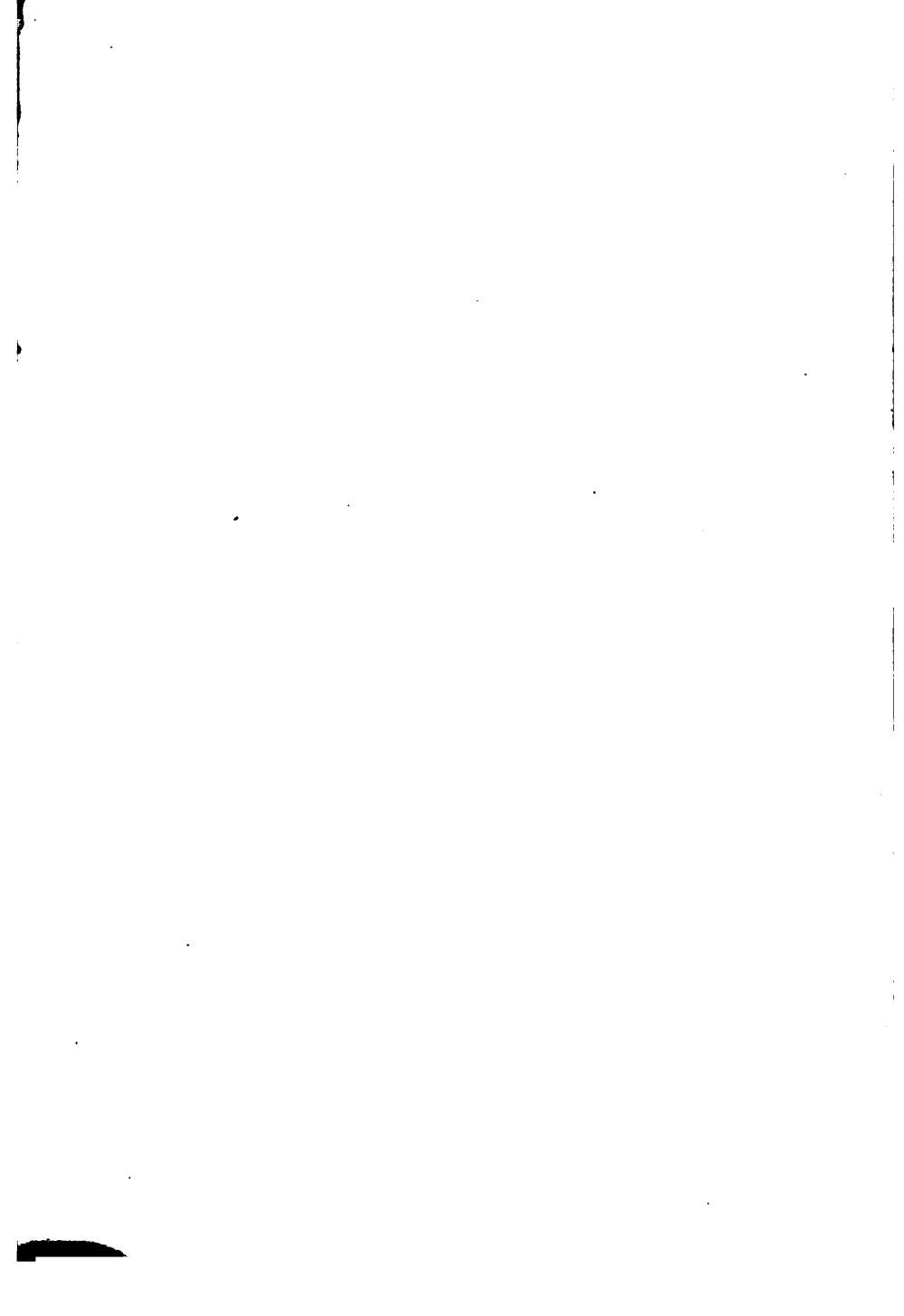
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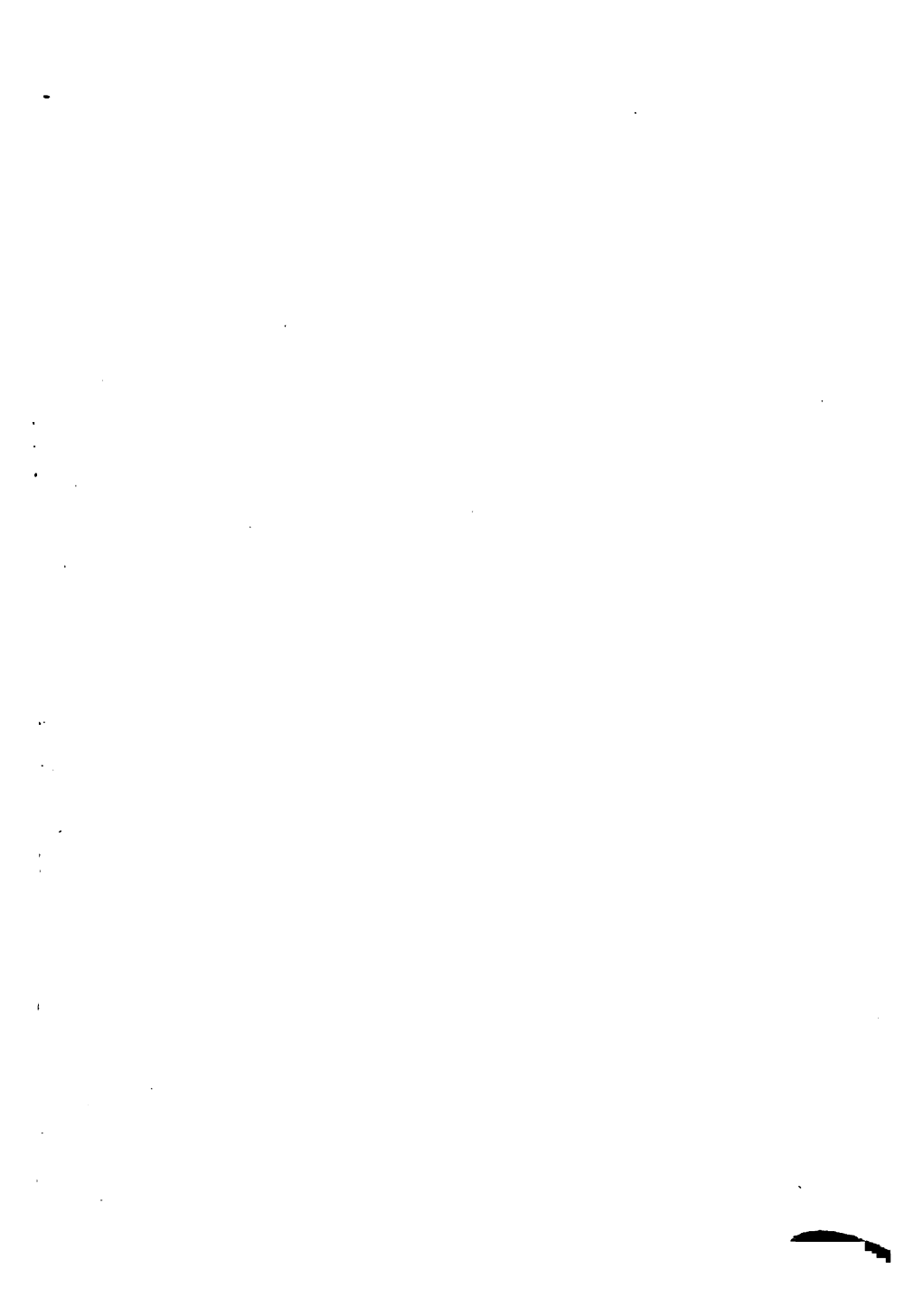
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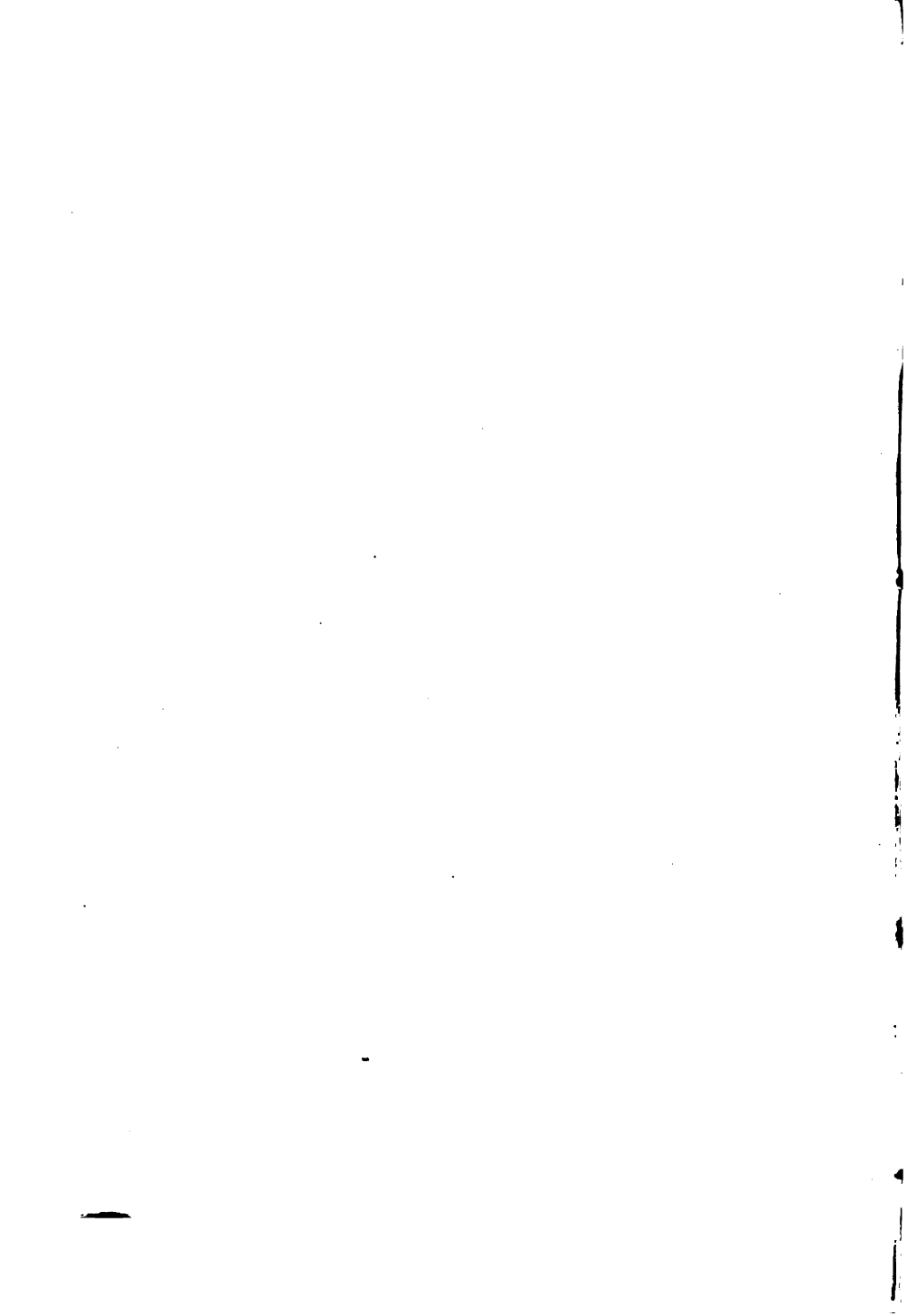


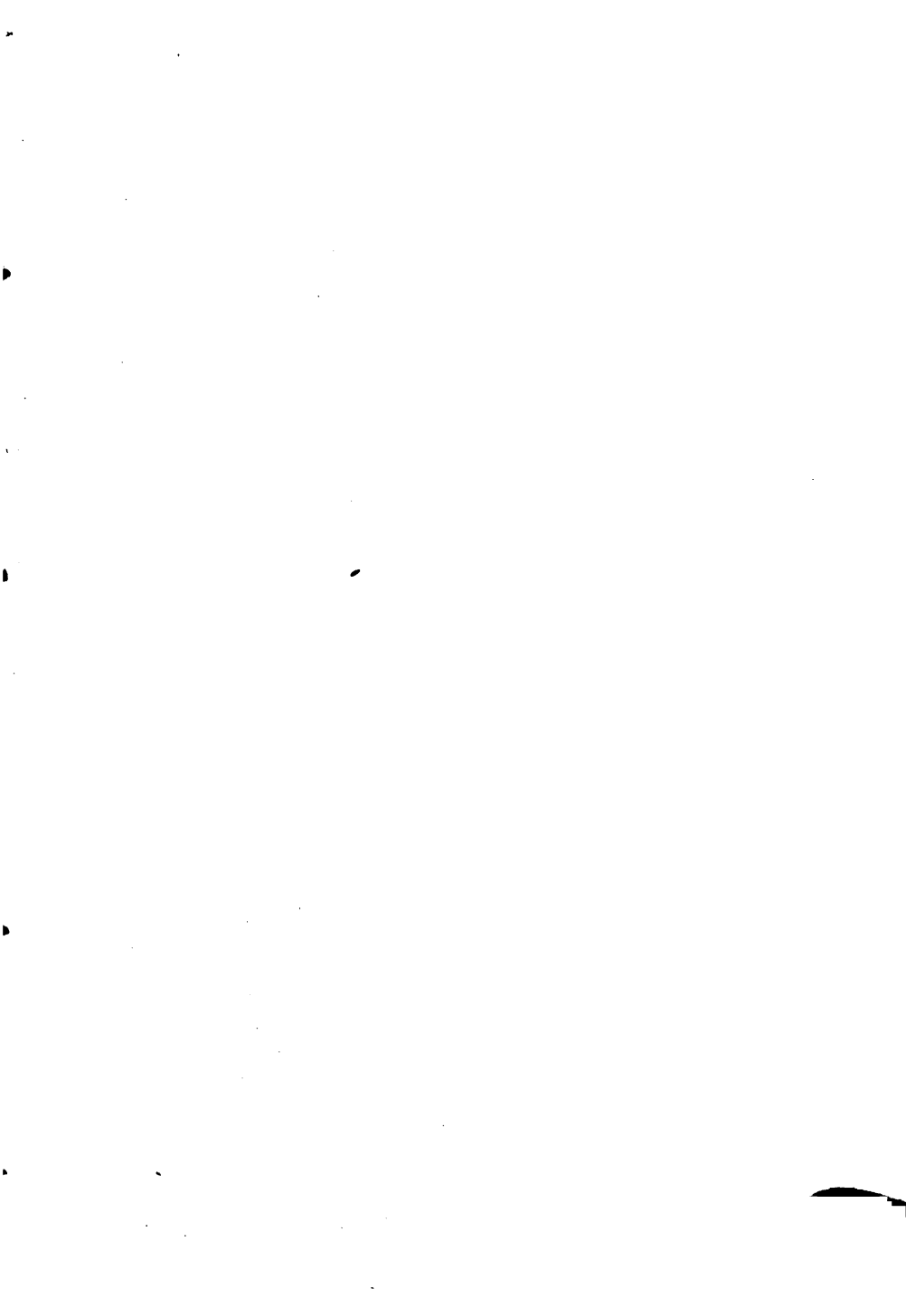
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**SING THE SOUTH**







OH, THE FLOWER-BORDERED WAYS, BONNY WAYS O' JUNE.—PAGE 199.

# SING THE SOUTH

===== BY =====

Judd Mortimer Lewis



HOUSTON, TEXAS  
J. V. DEALY COMPANY

1905

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JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS  
PUBLISHED, NOVEMBER, 1905**

## DEDICATION.

① M  
To the plain, every-day man, the man who believes that a tow-headed baby, a sweet, innocent girl, and a young mother are the most beautiful things in the whole world; the man to whom the child instinctively turns with arms outstretched for him to "take," from whom the stray dog does not shrink in expectation of a kick; the man, who when "the supper things" are put away, sits down with his wife at his elbow, his baby on his knee, and the fear of God in his heart; and to my dear wife and little girls, this book is affectionately dedicated.

The Author.

141368





## PREFACE.

During the past few years, Mr. J. M. Lewis has conducted a column of poetry, whims and fancies in the Houston Daily Post. Humor, wit, squibs and poems have flowed freely from his facile pen, and the product has been accepted with appreciation by his friends and the reading public.

Many of his friends whose fancies have been pleased and whose hearts have been moved by the delicate spirit of his poems, have thought that they should not be left to the precarious existence of memory and the scrap-book, and have accordingly prevailed upon Mr. Lewis to collect some of these wandering whims of fancy and to print them into a book.

Literature is the best and surest way in which to express and transmit the thoughts of the mind, the sympathies of the spirit, the philosophies of life, and the aspirations of the soul; and poetry is the most perfect flower in the gardens of literature. From the beginning men have sung of hope and despair, of love and hate, of peace and war, of faith and doubt, of good and evil, of life and death; and, so long as the human brain shall think, and the human heart shall feel, and the human fancy shall dream

and hope, so long will men sing the exultant notes of their gladness or the despairing wail of their sorrow.

From a multitude of themes about which he has written, Mr. Lewis seems most to love those that relate to childhood and to nature, and the poems in this little volume relate to those themes. Indeed, his kinship to the sights and scenes and sounds of nature, and his responsive sympathies with the sentiments clustering around childhood, are the predominant characteristics of his verse.

The poems gathered into this book reveal a spirit in unison with the laws of life, at peace with all mankind, in touch with the ennobling forces of nature, and attuned to the sweetest harmonies that pervade the human heart. They are not marred by the minor notes of despondency or pessimism. They are keenly alive with the spirit of hope and of love—the flower and fragrance of life. They are ennobling by their appeal to the affections, their touch with the spiritual, their kinship with the purity and sweetness of childhood, and their aspiration for the better things in life.

I am sure their author sends them forth on a mission of sympathy, and hope, and love.

*Joe Henry Eagle*

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## CREEPY.

Laugh, dear, and gurgle,  
Tumble and play ;  
Kick your pink heels, dear,  
Get in the way,  
The world's not for grown-ups,  
No, not at all !  
It's just for wee babies  
Just learning to crawl.

It's just for wee babies,  
Just all of the time !  
Glories and roses  
And moonflowers climb  
Up high on the trellis,  
A-sparkle with dew,  
To just please the babies  
And make them say, "Goo !"

I'm thinking that heaven  
Is just for wee girls,  
And just for boy-babies  
With tousled gold curls ;  
Grown-ups will just be there  
To help them to play ;  
So laugh, dear, and tumble,  
And get in the way.

## FOUR YEARS OLD.

My little, laughing  
    Four-year-old,  
My dancing, little  
    Beam of gold,  
You make this old, old heart of me  
And all the world, brim full of glee;  
    As full as it can hold!

Your little, dancing,  
    Slipperd feet,  
Your lilting, singing  
    Voice and sweet,  
Make life and work seem simply play,  
From morning when I go away  
    Till night-time when we meet.

Your flying, wind-kissed,  
    Golden curls,  
Your laughing lips,  
    The rows of pearls  
You show in smiling, are to me  
The rarest, fairest gems that be;  
    O, best of little girls.

O, best of loving,  
    Laughing girls,  
When evening's crimson  
    Flag unfurls  
I come expectant up the street,  
A-listening for your flying feet  
    And tossing yellow curls.

O, little baby  
    Girl, my own,  
When trying, carking  
    Years have flown,  
Then may your laugh ring glad and clear,  
Be just as full of joy and cheer,  
    Dear heart, when you are grown.

WOMAN.

Oh, lovely woman! man's great bane  
And joy! You ne'er can pall!  
Source of all pleasure and all pain  
And—bless you!—worth it all!

## HIS TOAST.

Fill, fill your slender goblets  
A-brim with blood-red wine,  
And drink a toast with laughter  
To maids with eyes a-shine;  
Aye, toast your absent sweethearts  
With laugh and lilt and swing;  
Fill high the brimming goblets  
And let your accents ring.

Aye, fill the brimming beakers,  
And think of gold-crowned head;  
And think of blue eyes shining,  
And curving lips and red;  
And toast, each one, his sweetheart,  
And drink the bumper down,  
To maids with blue or gray eyes,  
Or maids with eyes of brown.

But fill for me no bumper  
Of ruby-colored wine;  
My thoughts are far a-faring  
In paths that once were mine,  
Back of the years of trying,  
Back of the sweetest smile  
A sweetheart ever gave me,  
To years of otherwhile.

Back of the clink of glasses  
And friendships that are mine,  
Back of lips curved in laughter  
And youthful eyes a-shine,  
Where a fern-bordered hollow  
Gives up a bubbling spring,  
And where, in beechen shadows,  
The robin redbreasts sing.

My soul, by some enchantment,  
Harks back to other days,  
To one who led me upward  
Through wondrous, untried ways;  
To one of rough endearments,  
In homely garments clad;  
Drink, you, each to his sweetheart,  
I drink to dear old Dad.

## TO A BRIDE.

Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on,  
And happy today are you ;  
May all of the glad dreams you have dreamed  
In all of your life come true ;  
May every good there is in life  
Step down from the years to you.

There's nothing so sweet as a maid is sweet,  
On the day she becomes a bride ;  
Oh, the paths that ope to the dancing feet !  
Oh, the true love by her side !  
Oh, the gray old world looks a glad old world,  
And its fields of pleasure wide.

Because you are good and are sweet and fair,  
And because you are young and true,  
May every day of your life be glad,  
As glad as today for you ;  
May all of the glad dreams you have dreamed  
In all of your life come true.

### HOPE'S FRUITION.

In the muck and slime of that ancient time,  
When earth from chaos hurled  
Took shape and form and rode the storm  
Through countless eons whirled,  
On its crumbling crust of cosmic dust  
I crawled a created thing;  
A creature vast from the black ooze cast,  
Beyond all imagining.

And my eyeless face searched the moonless space,  
Though the voice of my woe was dumb,  
And I loathsome sprawled, or all lonesome crawled,  
And waited for you to come;  
But you came not near, and for very fear  
Of the lonesome vast profound,  
I died, and sank in the noisome dank,  
While Time resumed her round.

Till the ages vast from their dark womb cast  
Me again upon the earth;  
From my hooded eyes I beheld arise  
The sun, and the season's birth;  
And I viewed my length and essayed my strength  
In the garish light of day,  
With the shadow vast my huge bulk cast  
I gamboled about in play.

When the day was fled, and my shadow dead,  
I whimpered for what I knew  
Was still due to me from my destiny,  
But the ages brought not you;  
And for you I wept till my great life crept  
From very longing away,  
And my bones were lost where the ages tossed  
Them in mesozoic clay.

Through creations strange down the grooves of  
change  
I have searched for you afar,  
In the deep green sea I have sought for thee,  
Have ranged through the ambient air;  
In reincarnations and transformations  
By the sacred river's brink,  
'Neath the Sphinx's smile by the winding Nile  
Where ships of the desert drink.



From the primal slime of the birth of Time,  
When my sobbing, pulsing breath  
Moaned to my heart for my other part  
Till the longing brought me death;  
Now my earth-chained soul draws near the goal  
Whose winning shall give me thee,  
And the light divine of your eyes shall shine  
Reward to my constancy.

Where the lilac's bloom wafts its sweet perfume  
Through the twilight's purple shine,  
At your timid feet I shall kneel, my sweet,  
Shall clasp you and call you mine;  
In the joyous bliss of a clinging kiss  
Our souls in a swift transition  
Shall become as one, and, their questing done,  
Shall attain Hope's sweet fruition.

### FATHER'S VOICE.

Sometimes I wake from dreams and wonder where

I am for just a moment; then a lisp

Comes trembling to me: "Papa, are you there?"

Just those four words in just the faintest wisp  
Of a wee voice, a wee and frightened tone;

And I make haste to answer: "Yes, dear, why?"

And then she says: "Me finked me was alone——"

Her voice trails off into a drowsy sigh.

Poor little girl! she sees no light or spark,

And feels strange, shapeless forms around her  
creep;

But when her father's voice comes through the dark

She knows that she is safe, and sinks to sleep;

And though the dark-time dangers are as real

And dreadful, too, as aught on earth could be,

She hears her father's voice and seems to feel

That all that threatened now is bound to flee.

Our Father! who art with us in the dark  
And in the light, whose presence wraps us round;  
Though darkness shuts us in and no faint spark  
Doth guide our feet; and whither we are bound,  
Or whence we come, is hidden from our sight  
So that we merely grope our way along,  
We feel Thy presence guiding us aright,  
And paths, erstwhile all dark, break into song.

And when life's bedtime beckons us to our rest  
We falter at the dark that threatens us then;  
Like frightened children we do do our best  
To stay awake and ope our eyes again;  
And in fear's perfect ecstasy we shriek:  
"Our Father! Oh, our Father! Are You there?"  
And calmly through the dark Your accents speak,  
And so we bid farewell to every care.

So, oh, my little girl, on your old dad  
You lean, and go to sleep in sweet content;  
And dad knows how you feel for he has had  
The self-same feeling; his own strength all spent,  
He oft has bowed him down in bitter woe,  
When all seemed dark and life was just a spell  
Of bitterness—and then—God's voice! and, lo!  
Life's darkness turned to light! and all was well.

## OUR MARJORIE.

When your wee head lies heavy on dad's arm,  
And eyes with all the mischief gone away  
Look listless up, dad feels a wild alarm,  
And all the prayers his lips can frame and say,  
All torrent like, speed upward to the throne;  
Prayers for your speedy weal, the old sweet smile!  
Oh, you have filled my heart so full, my own!  
And you have been here such a little while!

I sit and hold your playthings, yes I do,  
And sadly think of games we used to play;  
Of how you laughed when we played peek-a-boo—  
And just to think, all this was yesterday!  
And now we walk on tiptoe to and fro,  
And on our knees drop down beside your cot;  
And you—you look with eyes that do not know,  
And your pale brow does fright us 'tis so hot.

Last night I walked with you, my Marjorie,  
Clasped in my arms, your cheek against my own,  
And, oh, my baby girl! sweet soul of me!  
My heartstrings writhed beneath your plaintive  
moan!

I know, my little girl, you wondered why  
That dad, who held you close, who loves you so,  
Could bear to hear your plaintive little cry  
And would not ease your pain! You cannot know!

You cannot know, nor guess, what dad would do—  
Two hearts, two souls, are wrapped up in your  
weal!

Oh, give us yesterday and peek-a-boo!—

If tears could ease the pain your wee limbs feel  
Then had your first wee cry brought quick relief;  
Our ready-gushing tears brought back again  
The smiles of erst! our love engendered grief  
Had soothed your fevered brow and eased your  
pain.

And now I hold your playthings in my hands—  
Your rubber doll and cat, your bouncing ball—  
And something grips my heart with crushing bands  
Until my eyes are blurred and teardrops fall.

That dad is so impotent, Marjorie,

Does give him greater grief than he has known!

Ah, life and all, dear child, he'd give for thee!

Would God that dad could make your pains his  
own.

## A REVERIE.

Just a dainty silver clasp,  
Wrought in Spanish filigree,  
Lying shyly in my grasp,  
Thrills my blood with ecstasy;  
Just a circlet, perfume laden,  
Made of softest silken woof,  
And my mind's eye sees a maiden  
'Mid the smoke wreaths stand aloof.  
As my eyes grow dim with dreaming,  
And I yield me to her spell;  
O'er my mind with fancies teeming  
Rules this maid intangible.  
Hand in hand o'er golden meadows,  
Through wide groves of whispering trees,  
Where sweet songsters wake the echoes  
And soft fountains cool the breeze,  
So we wander nothing heeding  
In that mild enchanted clime,  
Where the cares of life, receding,  
Leave no thought of earthly time.

Pity life is not all dreaming,  
Fancy's songs e'er being sung,  
In the enchanted land of seeming  
We remain forever young.  
But old age's ruthless finger  
Draws time's scars across our face;  
Youthful gleams no longer linger  
As the years come on apace.

\* \* \*

With such trifles for a starter,  
Strange what fancies we beget;  
Just a maiden's dainty garter  
And a Turkish cigarette.

### OUR WORKS.

If men are known by their works,  
The thought through our consciousness steals,  
That in the fullness of time  
We shall all be judged by our wheels.



## REMEMBERING.

And ever in the moonlight,  
As the trumpet-blossom swings,  
Comes a time of sweet rememb'ring  
Of old, unforgotten things;  
Of old, name-carved, spreading beeches,  
Of old, moonlit, sandy reaches,  
Of half whispered, half thought speeches,  
Like a rustle of white wings.

Comes the moonpath on the water,  
Gilding the sea's dread abyss;  
Comes the lapping of the ripples,  
Comes the memory of this;  
That, through all the years may measure,  
Yet my lips have drained the pleasure  
Of life's greatest, grandest treasure,  
Of first love and love's first kiss.

When the moon lights up the prairie  
Come life's memories to me;  
When the rolling, the far-reaching  
Stirs and ripples like a sea,  
You may think life's cark and fretting,  
As life's orb grows near its setting,  
Crowds my soul to your forgetting,  
But forgetting may not be.

### PEEK-A-BOO.

Now don't you know it, Eyes-o-blue,  
That dad can't play at peek-a-boo,  
And sit up here all night with you?

He can't indeed.

Now look here, Miss Stay-up-all-night—  
Oh, peek-a-boo! now, that's all right—  
You're—there! now duck down out of sight!  
What you do need

Is something—peek! oh, peek-a-boo!  
Now duck again!—tucked onto you  
Right where you sit! oh, yes you do!

That's right, now grin!

You star-eyed, laughter-loving mite!  
You haven't things adjusted right;  
Folks are supposed to sleep at night!  
And it's a sin

To keep dad dodging back and forth,  
Now jumping up for all he's worth,  
And losing sleep to give you mirth—  
    Oh, peek-a-boo!  
Peek! ah, there, Eyes! I see you now!  
Why—where—is—Margie, anyhow?  
Peek! there you are! I thought, I vow,  
    I'd losted you!

What I had started out to say  
Was, that the proper time to play  
Was day, Miss Blue Eyes, just plain day;  
    And night time deep  
Was made for folks like you and me  
To cuddle down snug as can be,  
And go to sleep. Oh, Marjorie!  
    Please go to sleep!

## WE WALKED AFAR.

We walked afar along a winding lane  
That led us through idyllic country ways;  
A youth that we thought ne'er would come again  
Was ours again. As in those far-off days  
We marveled at the blueness of the skies;  
We sought forget-me-nots and laughed with glee;  
And I, I looked down deep into her eyes,  
And she, as in those old days, looked at me.

Within her bonnet hanging from my arm,  
Forget-me-nots and buttercups were piled;  
The rustling grasses caused her mild alarm,  
As of a snake, then she looked up and smiled—  
Smiled lifelong trust into my eyes again—  
And so we walked, our fingers interlaced,  
Herself, and youth, and me, adown the lane;  
And gladness walked beside us where we paced.

Now some strange cloud effect did catch her eye;  
Now did she stoop to find a hidden bloom;  
We saw the lazy hawk hang in the sky;  
We smelled the woodland jasmine's sweet perfume;  
All was as it had been; by some strange spell  
Our years were fallen from us, and we stood  
In paths we both had known, remembered well.  
Ah, youth returned seemed sweet, and life was  
good!

We heard the peacock's cry sound loud and shrill,  
And soft a breeze did rustle through the trees;  
And in the path that curved around the hill  
The golden-rod climbed upward to our knees;  
And from above the yellow jasmine hung,  
And from some hidden nook a mockbird sang,  
And o'er our heads red trumpet-flowers swung,  
And 'neath our feet the fresh green grasses sprang.

And then we turned us back; the evening's gloam  
Hung halo-like about us as we walked;  
Afar we saw the shining lights of home,  
And with the sight age did come back, and stalked  
Beside us two, and yet we twain were glad;  
Glad to leave youth, the woodland's solitude;  
Glad to fly back to joys youth had not had,  
As homing pigeons wing back to their brood.

## THE BIRTH OF ROMANCE.

Oh, Edwin, you ought to just hear the things,  
The things that my nurse tells me!  
Of dreadful old bogies with horns and things,  
Of big green dragons with horns and wings,  
“They eat little girls,” says she!

“They eat little girls if they don’t be good;  
Just eat ’em right up,” says she!  
She says in the daytime they live in the wood,  
Just a-grindin’ their teeth and a-dreamin’ of blood,  
A-dreamin’ of blood and me!

And when I am good—though I’m always good—  
She tells me of warriors bold;  
Of knights who go dashing through field and flood  
Just a-lookin’ for dragons that’s a-pinin’ for blood;  
Brave warriors with spurs of gold.

So, Edwin, just think ! if your Katherine—  
Your Kathie, who loves you so—  
Should be gobbled right up by the dragon green,  
Or the worst old bogie that ever you seen,  
Then, Edwin, what would you do?

Would you mount your beautiful Morgan brown,  
And ride with lance in rest,  
With a whoop and halloo, through street and town  
Till you found out the bogies and rode them down  
For the maiden that you love best?

If I thought that you would, oh, then you'd see—  
I want you to come so bad—  
I would be just as naughty as I could be  
Till the big green dragon would come for me,  
Or nursie would wish that he had !

## BOO!

When you pick up the tidy and say: "Peek!"

Then I lay down my paper, for I know  
Those mischief-brimming eyes will spring a-leak,  
And tears of grief will well and overflow  
If I refuse to play; so I unbend  
And look, and look, and look, and look for you,  
And you don't know that it is all pretend,  
And, my! but I get scared when you say: "Boo!"

My! but I do get scared, and I say: "Oh!"

And in my fright sometimes fall on the floor;  
And now you gurgle, yes, and now you crow!  
Until your eyes are fairly brimming o'er;  
Then, shaking your wee sides, you hide again,  
While I seek high and low and call to you;  
And I can't find you anywhere, and then  
You jump right out before me and say: "Boo!"



When lamps are lighted, and when night has come,  
And I pick up my paper for a while,  
You pluck my sleeve, and I pretend I'm dumb,  
Until your searching eyes detect a smile;  
And then it's off! the paper falls aside,  
And every place that I can look I do;  
But, somehow, I can't find just where you hide,  
Until I'm scared to pieces by your "Boo!"

And, my! but I get scared! I tremble so  
That I fall down and flop like one possessed!  
And how you do just shake your sides and crow,  
And stir me up, until, at your behest,  
I put my fright behind me and come out  
Prepared to do as you would have me do;  
Play hide-and-seek and join you in the rout,  
And be half scared to death when you say: "Boo!"

And, oh, my winsome one! when old and gray,  
I lay aside life's games and you are grown;  
If when I'm old I'm sometimes in the way—  
You know you may have wee ones of your own—  
I'd have you not see me as I am then,  
But as I am while now I romp with you!  
Look sometimes back to these dear days again,  
And think how scared I was when you said: "Boo!"

## A SKIPPER OUT OF GLOUCESTER.

There's a music in the singin' of the cordage in the  
wind;  
There's a rhythm in the growlin' of the seas that  
break behind;  
There's a salt tang in the spindrift when the billows  
break and comb,  
And a fisher out of Gloucester uppin' anchor heads  
for home.

The fish had led us north'ard, east-by-north'ard, and  
we lay  
In a snug Norwegian harbor, some old 'sund-or-  
other bay,  
With some forty thousand halibut an' cod down in  
our hold,  
An' the seas outside a-frothin' an' the wind a-  
cuttin' cold.

We were nor'-nor'east from Gloucester some four  
thousand miles an' more;

Nor'-by-east of the Loffodens on a bleak Norwe-  
gian shore,

Ridin' gently at our anchor to each smooth and rolly  
swell,

Waitin' till the tempest slackened, for the wind was  
playin' hell.

Then the cook brought off provisions an' a letter;  
how it read

Just the skipper knew, who got it, an' somehow  
he never said;

But I know we upped the anchor an' we broke for  
open sea

In a gale from out the Arctics, an' Loffoden on  
our lee.

So we banged her out and south'ard—banged her  
down sou'west-by-west;

Every man slept in his oilskins, little handfuls just  
of rest,

An' by day the gale shrieked by us, an' by night it  
screamed an' moaned,

An' our sticks were bent like willows an' our tim-  
bers creaked an' groaned!

An' we had her dressed for flyin'! jumbo, jib, fore,  
main an' all!

An' both tops'ls! with the halliards fairly snarlin'  
at the squall!

An' the water smashin' past us—we could touch it  
on our lee—

An' our cat-heads barely showin' now an' then  
above the sea!

An' we trimmed her! an' we drove her! she was sailin'  
on her side!

Two of us lashed to her tiller, an' her canvas  
spreadin' wide!

An' we crossed an English liner, 'neath her bows, an',  
'fore she spoke,

She was in our wake an' faded like a ragged wisp  
o' smoke!

An' we picked up Sable Island, an' above the singin'  
spar

We could hear the breakers boomin' as we crossed  
the no'theast bar,

An' we swung her for Cape Sable, an' we drove her  
down the coast

Like a ghost born out of darkness an' again in  
darkness lost!

Then, great glory! how we drove her! till we heard  
her timbers beg!

West, half-west-by-no'th we drove her! we was on  
our homeward leg!

An' we never eased up on her when we rounded  
Eastern Point!

An' we banged her into Gloucester like we'd open  
every joint!

Some four thousand miles of ocean an' a short sixteen-  
day run!

In a gale that snapped the reef-ties like the crackin'  
of a gun!

Then the skipper got a message, an' his eyes lit up  
with joy:

"Your old woman's round the house ag'in, an',  
Cap, this one's a boy!"

There's a music in the singin' of the cordage in the  
wind;

There's a rhythm in the growlin' of the seas that  
break behind!

There's a salt tang in the spindrift when the billows  
break and comb,

And a skipper out of Gloucester weighin' anchor  
heads for home.

### WHICH?

Are dreams or memories best?

I do not know.

In dreams I have caressed

Your lips, and lo!

You walked beside me there

With your tumbled, sun-kissed hair,

And you were more than fair—

I do not know.

If memories or dreams

Are sweetest, dear,

I do not know. It seems

Both bring you near.

In memory we tread

Through the paths our love once led,

With love's blue skies o'erhead—

Your tones I hear.

Are dreams or memories  
     The best to you?  
 Or do the bitter lees  
     Of cups we knew  
 Embitter every draught  
 Of each cup your lips have quaffed  
 Since the days we loved and laughed  
     And lived, we two?

Dreams are far more real  
     It seems to me;  
 Wiping out the griefs I feel  
     And bringing thee—  
 Still they're fantasies you know;  
 Dreamland's breezes never blow,  
 Never whisper soft and low,  
     And cannot be.

While memory brings you back,  
     It brings back thee  
 Down life's perfumed sunset track,  
     It does, to me;  
 Real days of love and you;  
 Real blossoms decked with dew;  
 Real skies of turquoise blue  
     That used to be.

## MAY MEMORY.

Oh, wine in cut-glass goblets tall,  
Your thrall is loosed of me;  
No more do thoughts of wassail call  
With strength that used to be;  
I hear a tinkling waterfall  
Beneath a greenwood tree,  
And once again the old-time spring  
Doth lift its voice and lilt and sing,  
And send its call to me.

Doth lift its voice, and lilt and sing,  
Its old-time melody;  
No more amid the clink and ring  
Of glass and revelry  
Do I take part. Gone arms that cling,  
And eyes, and devilry!  
And once again I hear the call  
Of a remembered waterfall  
A-lilting come to me.

Oh, old remembered wayside spring,  
Beneath the spreading tree  
Within whose boughs brown thrushes sing,



Beside whose roots the knee  
 Doth press lush grass, soft as a thing  
 From loom of Araby;  
 The joy that comes of your far call,  
 Oh, lilting, wimpling waterfall,  
 No wine may bring to me.

Oh, days when, just a little boy,  
 I paused beside the pool,  
 And bent my supple knee with joy  
 To drink its waters cool,  
 And with a glee no years may cloy  
 Went riotous to school!  
 Now, with a glee no years may cloy,  
 I drink to you and that glad boy,  
 In water clear and cool.

In water clear and cool I drink  
 To memory of you;  
 No wine in carven cups that clink  
 Holds half so sweet a brew!  
 Oh, tinkling spring of grassy brink  
 A-brim with sparkling dew!  
 Whenever comes the month of May  
 My mem'ry takes the well-trod way  
 To childhood and to you!

## A TOUCH OF NATURE.

(News Special.)

FORT WORTH, Texas, May 14.—One touch of sorrow makes the whole world akin, one touch of human nature makes mankind glorious, one touch of charity softens the hardest heart. That's why East Fifth street, between Rusk and Calhoun, is closed to travel. The little four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickinson is lying dangerously ill. Intense quiet is essential for her recovery. The jolting noises of travel on the street in front of the house hindered her progress to health. The situation was laid before the city authorities. As Alexander cut the Gordian knot, so did the city authorities comply with the request to have the street closed to travel.

Heretofore streets have been closed on account of improvements being made, presidential parades, street fairs and carnivals, for the laying of pave-





THE MORNING-GLORIES ARE DIPPED IN DEW.

ments and a hundred and one other things. But reasons that worm their way into the hearts of mankind, that are not marred by the jingle of dollars, prompted this last order of the city authorities. And not a single complaint has been nor will a single complaint be registered with the city on account of this section of the street being closed.

Oh, baby, that tosses in illness there,  
With the fever flush on your tender cheek,  
With fretful toss of the tousled hair,  
With hands grown listless and accents weak,  
A city turns from its way for you;  
And traffic's insistent, resistless tide  
Turns wide from the way that it erst surged through,  
And murmurs a wish as it turns aside.

And back from the barrier it would not pass,  
With noises hushed, goes the ebb and flow  
Of the city's tide, goes the lad and lass,  
Goes the older one whose it is to know  
The charm of the wee, glad clasping hands,  
Of a little bit of a baby girl;  
The hurt and woe and love's tightened bands  
At the fevered cheek and the tousled curl.

For a baby's life has a city's block  
    Been made as still as a country lane,  
For a baby's life has the jar and shock,  
    And rattle of hoof, and the clank of chain  
Been banished far; and the barrier brings  
    The stranger tear to life-hardened eyes,  
And many a wish and a prayer upwings  
    For sleep to come where the baby lies.

For healing sleep where the baby lies  
    To come and press the wee eyelids down,  
For cooling rest for the fevered eyes,  
    For the kiss of health on the tousled crown;  
And then the barriers shall swing aside  
    And the rattle and jostle and whizz and whirr  
Shall resume its way with resistless tide,  
    And the heart of a city be glad for her.

Oh, little bit of a baby girl,  
    The morning-glories are dipped in dew,  
And every morning their blooms unfurl  
    And seem to nod and to wait for you,  
And city-wide are the prayers they say,  
    The city's people, and all the whirl  
Of traffic stops or is turned away  
    For your sake, oh, little bit of a girl.

## GET OUT.

Get out where the bayous are shaded and brown,  
Get out where rose petals are eddying down,  
Get out where the world wears a dew-spangled crown,  
Get out, oh, get out, oh, get out of the town—  
    Get out of the town in the morning!

Get out where the ripples run glad in the sun,  
Get out to the fields where the green billows run,  
Get out where the forces of nature have fun,  
Get out, oh, get out to where day is begun,  
    Get out of the town in the morning!

Get out of the town in the morning and hear  
The birds in the thickets all caroling clear,  
Where the mocking-bird hollers: "Good morning!  
    Good cheer!"  
Where the sky arches clear and where heaven seems  
    near,  
    Get out of the town in the morning!

Get out in the country and be just a boy,  
Get out and drink deep of the old-fashioned joy,  
Get out where no trials shall bring you annoy,  
Where God walks in splendor, and days never cloy,  
    Get out of the town in the morning!

## MABEL.

Even as we know it is, dear heart, with thee,  
So shall it be with us; unleashed and free  
Our souls shall seek their own, and we shall be  
Free of the world, and happy, dear, with thee.

We watch the jasmine buds of thy delight  
Where they flare white against the purple night,  
And the moon-flowers open round and white,  
And the old mockbird lilts a sweet "Goodnight."

And four-o'clocks and morning-glories bloom,  
And Marechal Niels send far their sweet perfume,  
And roses, flame-like, rest against the gloom  
Of the dark night that they cannot illumine.

These blooms we tend are such, dear, as you knew;  
Glories and jasmine, sparkling wet with dew;  
But now, with them, there grows a spray of rue;  
A blossom, dear, praise God, you never knew.



And when we weep 'tis for ourselves we weep ;  
For thou art glad the other side of sleep,  
Where fields of asphodel illimitable sweep ;  
    We know you are while our lone watch we keep.

But we shall come, freed from earth's husk, and then  
We shall be glad, as you are glad, again ;  
Shall mount to thee where, now beyond our ken,  
    You smiling wait till Fate shall whisper when.

We'll fold thee closer longer we're apart !  
Glad—gladder, dear ! for all the woe and smart !  
Laughing!—aye, laughing ! with lips curved and  
    apart !  
    Our little girl ! dear heart ! dear heart ! dear heart !

## THE LITTLE ORPHANT.

Seen a little orphant boy,  
Never had no top ner toy;  
Sorter looked at me askance,  
(He had patches on his pants  
An' his shirt was big fer him,  
Hangin' f'm each puny limb  
Like he was a scarecrow.) Say:  
He looked at me thissaway,  
An' he said—an' gin a pause—  
"Reckon that ol' Sandy Claws  
Kin find me out where I am  
Since 'at both my pap an' mam  
Have gone dead; like oncet he did  
'Fore I was a norphant kid?"

Derned ol' little shirt-tail tad!  
Swear he had me feelin' bad!  
Him 'ithout no paw er maw—  
Tell ye what—I stopped ter chaw  
My terbaccer, an', I vum!  
Reckon thet I gulluped some  
'Fore I answered—bet I did!

Derned ol' little shirt-tail kid!  
'N I said: "Bud"—'n'en give a pause  
Whilst I worked my derned ol' jaws,  
Thinkin' how I'd like ter git  
Him some boy's duds that 'ud fit;  
Sorter Buster Brown style suit;  
Now ain't I th' ol' galoot!

Swear I hadn't no idee  
That I'd take him home o' me  
Till the thought jest struck me: "Souze!"  
'N I sez: "Sandy's at my house;  
You jest come along o' me  
An' you'll git a Chrismuss tree,  
An' some oranges an' things."  
Swear ye'd think we both had wings  
Hikin' homeward like we did,  
Me an' that there orphant kid!  
An' he didn't do a thing  
But jest dance around an' sing  
Chrismuss morning! but, by gee!  
He wa'n't half as glad as me!

## OF YOU.

Last night I dreamed of hollyhocks and you,  
Of Easter lilies wet with sparkling dew,  
Of whispering trees whose every tone we knew,  
And every sylvan path we've wandered through;  
But most, oh, most of you!

I dreamed of the old bridge o'er the lagoon,  
Of lapping ripples silvered by the moon,  
And read with my soul's eyes life's mystic rune,  
Till all the chords of being swept in tune,  
And, singing, sang of you!

Of you the sighing branches swaying low,  
Of you the hidden streamlet's tinkling flow,  
Of you and all of love one life may know;  
Soft beat my heart with rhythmic tone and slow,  
Of you; all, all of you!

Light fell the years as crinkled rose leaves fall,  
Sweetly the birds trilled forth their matin call,  
Bright gilt the dawn each swaying poplar tall,  
Sleep fled with night, and dreams and darkness; all  
But sweet memories of you!

## A CASTLE IN SPAIN.

I have builded you, sweetheart, a castle in Spain,  
And robbed life of its sorrow; you're mine once  
again;  
And we walk down the corridors fancy hath made,  
Midst columns of jasper and onyx and jade.

White—white as your soul—are the garments you  
wear,  
White gems nestle close in the coils of your hair,  
And your voice whispers soft through the corridor's  
gloom,  
Where censers, slow swinging, waft sweetest per-  
fume.

And cupids, and psyches, and satyrs and gnomes  
Disport through the courts amid tropical blooms;  
And nymphs and mermaids and tritons are there  
From porphyry founts tossing gleams in the air.

Till musical murmurs in cadences soft

Sweep round us, and borne by enchantment aloft,  
Weave spells 'midst a fretwork of amber and gold,  
Where the dark, fringed and purple, hangs fold  
upon fold.

Dim vistas where lamps alabaster are swung,

Where love's gonfalons gay to soft breezes are flung,  
Stretch away to a chamber enchanted and dim,  
Whose portals are guarded by bright seraphim.

And your couch, lighted up by the twilight's soft  
gleams,

Is woven for you from the fabric of dreams;  
While sleep, like a mantle, comes borne on the breeze  
Sweeping cool from the heights of the blue  
Pyrenees.

## WHEN I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Dear old dad, I'm, oh, so homesick, and I'd give the  
world to be

Back beneath the dear old roof-tree kneeling down  
beside your knee,

Like I used to in my nightie when the day-end  
shadows fell,

And the night came softly creeping o'er the scenes  
I loved so well.

Now I fear I'm almost crying; tears bedim my tired  
eyes,

Oh, for just one hour of childhood and the dear  
old lullabies!

Just to feel your arms and mother's round my child-  
ish shoulders creep,

As when I in drowsy accents lisped: "I lay me  
down to sleep."

Let the day be e'er so toilsome, when the shades of  
    night have come,  
    Then your face, your face and mother's, smile on  
        me from out the gloom;  
And the city's dreary clamor and the choking dust  
    and grime,  
    Fading, weave themselves in visions of the home  
        that once was mine.  
Loud and shrill my boyish whistle echoes from the  
    pine-clad hill  
    As I lure the wary grayling from the pool below  
        the rill,  
And we battle through the shallows where the eddies  
    curve and sweep,  
    Till, oh, dad! I get so homesick when I lay me  
        down to sleep!

Don't you think the old hills miss me, miss me just a  
    little, dad?  
    I have lost my old ambitions, all the hopes I ever  
        had!  
Would you think me weak and wanton if I came back  
    home to you?  
    Came back home without the glory of the deeds I  
        hoped to do?



For my heart is scarred and weary and I've faltered  
on the way,  
And my mind keeps harking backward, back to  
where I used to play;  
And the eyes that shone so brightly through the years  
have learned to weep;  
And—I long to be at home, dad, when I lay me  
down to sleep!

PROBABLY HAD.

"He says"—and here the maiden paused  
And conned the missive o'er—  
"He says he'd like to 'meet' me,  
That he's seen my face before."  
And then her giggling laughter  
Wiped out all of anger's trace,  
And she said: "Possibly he's right,  
That's where I wear my face."

## MUSIC.

It's the "oompah, oompah, oompah," of the music  
That a band's a-playin' somewhere down the street,  
That's a-doin' rag-time stunts along my heartstrings,  
That's a-pullin' and a-haulin' at my feet;  
I'd like ter just head up an' foller after,  
A-takin' of their dust an' steppin' high,  
An' never look to this way nor to that way  
At all the folks a-watchin' us go by.

It's the "oompah, oompah, oompah," of the music,  
The flyin' flags an' blarin' of the band,  
That makes my mind go "oompah, oompah, oompah!"  
That keeps my feet a-jiggin' where I stand;  
That makes my mind go swiftly harkin' backward  
To grind-organs and to bands I used to know;  
Back to a village street they used to play in;  
Back to the daisied fields of long ago.

It's the "oompah, oompah, oompah," of the music  
That makes me prick my ears and lift my feet;  
It's the liftin', liltin' rapture of the music  
That takes me back to other times as sweet;  
I hope that when I'm called to go up yonder,  
And the garment of my soul, this worthless clay,  
Is bound for its last restin' place, the music  
Will go blarin': "Oompah, oompah!" all the way.

## WOMAN'S VIRTUE.

You know I would obey your beck and come  
If you but looked my way again and smiled!  
With conscience, all but love itself, grown dumb  
Would loose the clinging fingers of my child!  
Leave it and all this better life behind—  
My happy home! all I have tried to be!  
Ah, love is deaf and dumb, not only blind!  
A suppliant today I kneel to thee!

I am a woman—weak as women are;  
You are a man; your heritage is strength;  
Go, search ye all the world, or near or far—  
Ah, where is one would go to such a length  
As I had gone for thee? Not one! not one!  
Give me your strength—aye, I am weak indeed!  
But let your love be as a tale that's done!  
If you have strength give it for this my need!

You claim you loved me, yet you did not say—  
    You told it not to me—in days ago!  
You held my hand a moment—went your way—  
    You in the world and of it; me alone!  
You thought I would await your coming home?  
    You thought to see the love-light in my eyes?  
You thought we'd walk afar and in the gloam  
    Stand hand in hand and watch the white moon rise?

Nay! and you had such love why hide it me?  
    My very soul hung palpitant—apaise—  
My love from my two eyes looked out to thee—  
    Ah, women's hearts are fragile, brittle toys!  
You went your way, no word, nor yet a sign;  
    You broke my heart and knew it not, nor cared!  
And I—this home, this baby boy, is mine;  
    Mine the full faith of him whose work I've shared.

And now you tell your love! recall a waltz!  
    Words that meant naught to you nor yet to me;  
Yet you recall them now and call me false!  
    I—I am false to self, but not to thee!  
Yea—help me, God!—if you say, "Come," I come—  
    Why tear afresh this ever bleeding wound?  
Go, go your way and let love's voice be dumb!  
    My virtue at your feet is lying bound!

And virtue, to man's honor shall it plead?

She gives her all for love! What giveth he?

Pray go your way; give not my ravings heed!

Have pity—all I ask—pray pity me!

Beck not to me! nor call! nor even smile!

Go, you, your way! pursue life's destined plan!

Let me but keep my vows—devoid of guile!

Yet proud that he I loved has proved a man!

### BUT IS IT?

Kissless goodnights!

And dream-dispelling morns!

And love's red roses drooped and dead

And whose unsheathed thorns

Do tear the bosom's core,

And the heart, tempest-tossed!

'Tis better to have never loved

Than to have loved and lost!

## CHOOSIN' WEATHER.

If the weather man 'ud ast me what I wanted, rain or  
shine,  
I 'ud say: "Oh, mostly sunny; let me have my  
weather fine;  
But," I'd add, "don't cut the rain out, mix a little  
rain in mine,  
And jist splash the world with dew drops in the  
mornin'."

I 'ud say: "Let's have some cloudlets trailin' shad-  
ders 'crost the green,  
Let me hear the thunder grumble an' the rain-  
drops in between,  
Then a rosy-posy rainbow over-archin' all the scene!  
And jist splash the world with dew drops in the  
mornin'."

"Let me hear the children laughin', see 'em weavin'  
daisy chains;  
Let me hear 'em squeal an' huddle gittin' in before it  
rains,

Let me see their funny noses flattened out agin the  
panes!

And jist splash the world with dew drops in the  
mornin'."

"Let us have the yellow sunshine in big patches  
'crost our ways,

Let us have the splashin' rain drops, let us have our  
rainbow days;

Make of life a splash of sunshine where a little tow-  
head plays!

And jist splash the world with dew drops in the  
mornin'."

### DOWN HERE.

Down here jasmine buds are bustin',

Oh, beloveds! don't ye know,

While the perfumes sweep around ye

An' the boughs are droopin' low,

An' the prairies roll off yonder

Meltin' into heaven's blue,

Don't ye know there's peace in Texas,

Where a feller's dreams come true?

### JUST EYES.

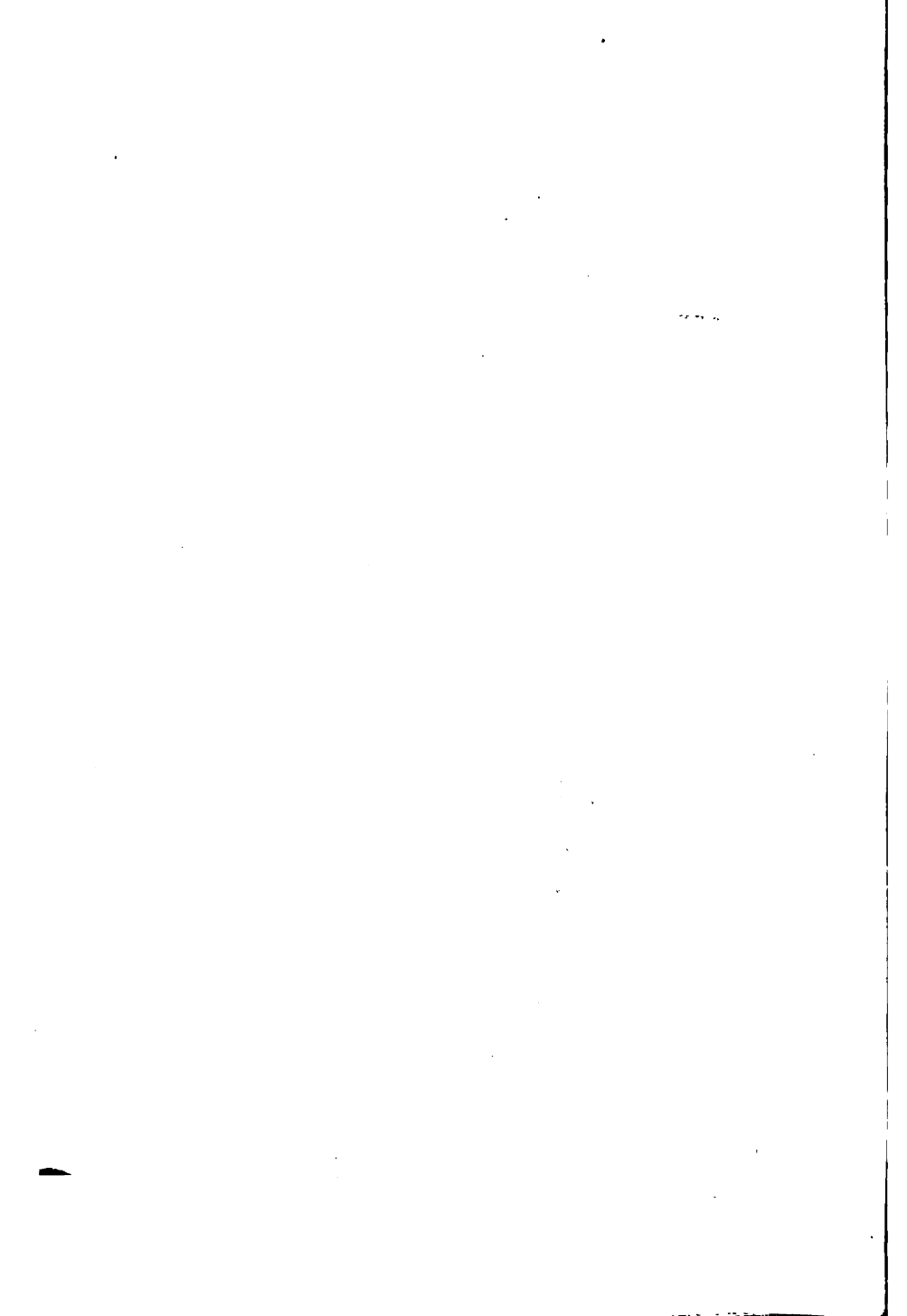
I think I do—Nay; know I do—  
Like blue eyes passing well;  
Not simply just because they're blue,  
But—well, 'tis hard to tell!  
And then, again, it isn't hard—  
I think I like their hue  
Because—because of my regard  
For you; your eyes are blue.

But were your eyes of brown or gray  
I'd tune my heart as true;  
But to brown eyes or gray eyes sway  
Instead of eyes of blue;  
And I could sing with all my heart  
To eyes of slaty hue;  
Or black, black eyes, whence lightnings dart,  
If they belonged to you.





WERE YOUR EYES BROWN.



I think my first sweetheart had eyes  
    Of iridescent brown,  
As sweet as vestal litanies;  
    Her tresses, tumbled down,  
Half hid two pink, delightful ears,  
    And sometimes—when she'd frown—  
Heigh-oh! where was I? How the years  
    Hark back to eyes of brown!

But eyes of gray, or brown, or black,  
    Or iridescent hue,  
While they are sweet yet, seem to lack  
    A something—is it you?  
It must be you; were your eyes gray,  
    Or brown, beneath their glame  
I'd bow me in the same old way,  
    And love you just the same.

## RESIGNATION.

In the rainbow hues of the someday, dear,  
The dark of the present shall disappear,  
    And we shall know  
    As soft winds blow  
The mists that hide much from our vision here;  
    When the race is run  
    And the heights are won,  
We shall see it all as the light gets clear.

In the someday land we shall see and know,  
And the hope whose fruition seems far and slow,  
    The why and how,  
    That puzzles now,  
When we've climbed far up and the mists are low;  
    And the fruitage rare,  
    In the upper air,  
Shall be sweeter the steeper the heights we go.

And He—He has trod in the selfsame mist,  
With the tired feet that the spikes had kissed,  
    And shall we then,  
    Of the sons of men,  
Show a faltering front or at all desist,  
    Until we win through,  
    Through the mists He knew,  
And we stand on the heights that are heaven-kissed?

## A BOY'S WHISTLE.

If I could whistle like I used when I was just a boy,  
And fill the echoes just plum full of that old-  
fashioned joy,

I guess 'at I'd be willin' then to turn my back on  
things

An' say farewell to scenes down here an' try my  
angel wings;

Oh, just once more to pucker up an' ripple soft, an'  
trill

Until the music seemed ter fall agin the far-off  
hill

Like dew falls on a half blown rose, till it gits full  
an' slips

Like jewels tricklin', tinklin' down from pink,  
bewitchin' lips.

Oh, yes, if I could whistle now like I could whistle  
then!

Jest pucker up these grim old lips an' turn things  
loose again!

I'd like ter set up on the knoll where trees was all  
around,

Jest set there punchin' my bare toes into the smelly  
ground,

An' trillin' jest the same old tune I used to trill o'  
yore,

With all the verve an' ecstasy that won't come back  
no more,

Until I seen old brown throat thrush come stealin'  
from his bush,

An' lookin' round like he would say, say to the  
hull world, "Hush!"

If I could whistle now I'd like to go along the road,  
Awakin' with my whistle shrill the scenes that once  
I knowed;

Jest send the ripplin' music through the tamaracs  
an' pines,

An' stirrin' all the blossoms on the mornin'-glory  
vines;

Jest go sendin' all about me, all behind me an' be-  
fore,

First loud and shrill as anything, an' then a-gittin'  
lower,

The same old whistle that was mine, the same old  
carol shrill  
'At used to bid the day good-night an' mock the  
whippoorwill.

I seen a boy go past just now—his cheeks was like  
balloons—

But, oh, the air was rendered sweet by old, remem-  
bered tunes!

An', oh, the world sat lightly on that childish, happy  
imp!

His trousers was all patched behind, his hat was  
torn an' limp,

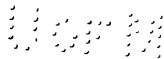
While one big toe that had been stubbed was twisted  
in a rag,

But, oh, that imp stepped high and proud with  
shoulders full o' brag;

An' whistled in the same old way as I was wont to do,  
Till my old heart was in the tunes the little rascal  
blew.

If I could whistle like he did—but now there's some-  
thin' gone!

The trill is gone, the skill is gone! Sometimes  
when I'm alone



I pucker an' purse up my lips an' try an' try an' try,  
An' then the noise my old lips makes ain't nothin'  
but a sigh.

It ain't no thing of learnin'; it can't be contrived by  
art;

A boy must be behind it an' a great big boyish  
heart;

A boy just out of heaven must go whistlin' of the  
song;

No use o' tryin' when we're old, we've been away  
too long.

### NET.

She's got her waist of openwork,  
She's got her clock-ed hose,  
And hubby takes the bill, he does,  
And softly strokes his nose,  
And muses: "Waist of openwork  
And clock-ed hose—my pet,  
Is there no discount on these goods?"  
"No," she replies, "they're net."

NET.



## BROTHERS.

Who'd yearn for the touch of Midas? Who'd bow  
'neath a golden cross?

I yearn for the country highways, for a wood  
where the branches toss!

For the goldenrod's yellow luster, for the silvery  
woodland note

Of the mockbird's carol of gladness that trills  
from his swelling throat;

For the gems of the early morning, the dew on each  
bud and bloom,

And the sigh of the wind-tossed pinetops and the  
prairie's far-blown perfume!

Who'd sigh for the touch of Midas? To him be the  
marts of trade!

To me be the bouldered torrents, and pools where  
the trout have played!

To him be his strong-box massive, his steel-lined walls  
and floors;

To me just a care-free cottage and the freedom of  
all outdoors!

To him be the gold in ingots, torn from the gloomy  
mine;

To me but the autumn's glory, and paths where  
the moonbeams shine!

To him—ah, yes! I wish him a heart that is leal  
and true!

And a look like a look I know of from eyes of a  
turquoise blue!

For he—is he not my brother? I wish him the  
things I know;

The joy of a dew-gemmed meadow, caresses the  
winds bestow

On the brow of a lover of nature; the upland meads  
and burns,

Where the shrill “tee-wheet” of the plover brings  
joy to the heart that yearns.

For who am I? Should I scorn him? If the gods  
have been good to me,

Shall I take to myself the credit that mine eyes  
are given to see

The glory of glen and highway, the beauty of tree  
and bush,

That mine ears are awake to the voices that speak  
in the evening's hush?  
Oh, no! he is still my brother in spite of his golden  
dross;  
Him, bound to the car of Mammon; me, out  
where the branches toss!

'NEATH JESSAMINE.

The jessamine's faint, sweet perfume  
Comes stealing through the evening's gloom,  
And thrills the blood like rich red wine—  
Ah, Jessie, mine! my jessamine.  
The rose may scatter petals fair;  
But other blooms are much more rare;  
We'll walk where glory vines entwine,  
And jessamine! my Jessie, mine!  
I'll weave a chaplet for your brow—  
I'll try to weave one anyhow—  
And 'neath the blooms your eyes shall shine  
Of jessamine, my Jessie, mine!  
And as the wind-blown blossom dips  
I'll stoop to cull from your sweet lips  
Love's nectar red, Love's ruby wine,  
'Neath jessamine; my Jessie, mine!

### SKEERED.

Stayin' home o' Liza nights,  
Gee! but I do squall  
When the shadders f'm the lights  
Dances on the wall;  
An' when I git skeered she says,  
Liza does: "Say! You!  
Big black dog's a-comin' now  
T'eat you up! Boo-woo!"

Never when we ain't alone  
She don't skeer me so,  
When my pa an' ma's at home,  
So that they don't know;  
But when pa an' ma go 'way,  
Like they sometimes do,  
She yells out: "Yere comes that dog!  
Boo-woo-woo-woo-woo!"

'N'en I yell! 'N'en she says:  
"Best hush up that yap!  
Never seen in all my days  
Sech a little brat!  
Now shet up! That big black dog's  
Lookin' round fer you!  
Guess I'll go an' let 'im in,  
A-boo-woo-woo-woo-woo!"

Bet sometime, when I'm a man,  
I'll fix her all right!  
Git the biggest dog I can,  
Ketch her 'lone some night,  
An' I'll bring that big dog in!  
'N I know what he'll do!  
'N I'll jest dance around an' yell:  
"Boo-woo-woo-woo-woo!"

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If this world, as poets tell us,  
Ain't the thing that she does seem,  
An' we're only just a-dreamin',  
Ain't she just a dandy dream!

## THE EARTH.

Give me the hills, the pine-clad hills, the steep ones;  
The jagged cliffs and slopes of living green;  
The valleys, vernal valleys, cool and deep ones,  
That round the hills, and rambling down between,  
Hold out a brawling course for some swift torrent,  
All boulder-tortured—bridged by fallen tree—  
Some men there be who find the hills abhorrent;  
But, oh, the hills—the hills seem good to me!

Or give to me the plains that roll and tumble  
In earthen billows to the sky's far line,  
All decked in blooms, a color scheme to crumble  
Into a thousand shades! No words of mine  
Could ever paint in way that you might see them—  
You'll have to find and know them as I know,  
You'll have to wade among their blooms and kneel  
to them—  
Fair are the plains where wild flow'rs bud and  
blow!

Or give to me the sea! I love its hollows,  
Where fishers' shallops skim the tossing brine,  
Light on the wing and daintily as swallows!  
The hills, the plains, the sea, all, all are mine!  
Oh, if the jasper gates open on no garden  
Like these I know I'll weep celestial birth!  
And I shall grieve and heaven be a burden,  
And all my plaint shall be: "I want the earth!"



BOULDER-TORTURED TORRENT.





### GLAD FOR THE YEARS.

Dear, I am glad that I am grown so old,  
My locks of gray—my years—no longer fret,  
Nor that life's tide flows slowly now and cold,  
Since our ways cross at last and we are met.  
And we are met; you young, with locks of gold,  
Eyes azure blue and cheeks wherein the rose  
Shows through the pearl-tint skin, and manifold,  
Sweet charms your soul's white purity enclose.

Life was not much to me until you came;  
The mornings dawned in roseate tints and dew;  
But, if they held but half the wondrous glame,  
I knew it not; my soul so longed for you!  
So Adam, in the race's primal time,  
I have no doubt, gazed on the earth's expanse;  
Saw earth's first roses blow, first blossoms climb,  
With naught of soul, of pleasure, in his glance.

And I am old and you are young—and sweet,  
Sweet? All the world is sweet since you are come!  
Rare blossoms spring where you do set your feet,  
And birds sing sweet whose voices erst were dumb;  
Or if they sang before—but they did not!  
They made a noise—myself I heard them grieve!  
Why, I grieved with them—liking not my lot—  
But that they sang—nay, I cannot believe!

But now they sing! such exultation thrills  
Through all their world as they had never known,  
Such exultation as my own soul fills,  
As never came to me when all alone;  
You wait for me glad-eyed beside the gate;  
That we must part so soon does not affright,  
For we have met, and, heart of mine, I'll wait  
For you as glad when I have said good-night.

When I have said good-night! The parting ways  
That I can see before fret not my soul;  
For you, long years; for me, the short'ning days;  
And then to meet again by life's last goal!  
And that is all—life's tide flows slow and cold,  
But graying years and locks no longer fret;  
For I am glad, dear heart, that I am old  
Since age meant you, and we at last are met!

## 'LONE WITH GOD.

When Mamma tucks the covers in an' leaves me  
comfy there,

An' I lissen to her footsteps softly goin' down th'  
stair,

Then th' chair I put my clothes on looks so blurry in  
th' night

'At I crawl beneath th' cover, an' I almos' die of  
fright;

An' I shiver 'neath th' cover an' I all squinch up an'  
hark!

I gits lonesome when I'm all alone with God an' in  
th' dark.

She leans down an' she kisses me, an' then she says:  
"Good night."

She says brave tads like I am doesn't need to have  
no light,

An' then th' house gits silent an' still 'ist like a grave,

An' when th' darkness guthers 'round I wish I  
wan't so brave,

Fer th' wind outside th' winder groans an' whimpers  
like a snark;

You 'ist know 'at I git lonesome 'lone with God  
an' in th' dark!

Seems like Mamma oughter sense it, 'at I git most  
skeered to death,  
Fer I squinch up an' I huddle down an' try ter hol'  
my breath;  
When I hear th' wind go: "Whoo-ee!" an' th' stairs  
begin ter squeak,  
Then th' goose-flesh sticks out on me an' th' tears  
are on my cheek!  
An' I know th' ghosts air hantin' fer I hear th'  
watchdog bark;  
Gee! but I gits mighty crawly 'lone with God an'  
in th' dark!

Bet ye need God, too, at night time; you don't need  
Him in th' day,  
When th' sun's a-shinin' gorgeous, then's th' time  
ye wanter play;  
But ye need Him right close to ye when you're almos'  
dead o' fright  
An' th' goggle-eyes are grinnin' an' a-blinkin' in  
th' night;  
When th' watchdog is a-whinin', an' ye 'ist lay still  
an' hark—  
My! I sure am skeered an' lonesome 'lone with  
God an' in th' dark!

Funny how things look so diffrent! playin' hookey  
seems a sin,

An' ye swear 'f ye live till mornin' 'at ye'll never  
go agin

When th' other fellers coax ye; 'at ye won't sneak off  
ter swim;

An' ye whisper: "Now I lay me"—an' ye prom-  
ise things ter Him—

An' ye say ye'll keep yer soul white, an' with nary  
smudge ner mark,

Fer a feller feels plum lonesome 'lone with God an'  
in th' dark.

## APPRECIATION.

While the blue sky bends above me  
There are those I know who love me,  
And I know that when I lay me down and die, and  
die, and die,  
They'll select my greatest jokes  
Every quip that fairly smokes,  
And will read my laugh-producers and will cry, and  
cry, and cry.

### LITTLE ORPHANT FELLER.

Ast yer mamma won't she let ye  
Come out here 'ith me an' play;  
I kin show ye things, I bet ye,  
'At ye never didn't see.  
Ast yer mamma won't she only,  
I won't tangle up yer curls;  
An'—an'—I'm so dadburned lonesome!—  
An' I likes ter play with girls!

I'm an orphant little feller,  
Comed away down yere ter play,  
An', 'f ye want'er, ye can tell 'er  
'At I've up an' runned away;  
An' ye tell 'er I won't never,  
Never scare ye 'f she will,  
An' I've runned away ferever  
From th' porehouse on th' hill.

Run an' tell 'er, won't ye tell 'er  
That I'd like ter play 'ith you?  
'Ist a little orphant feller,  
An' I'll wait yere till ye do.  
Tell 'er, please, ter not be angry,  
Fer my eyes are full o' cry,  
An', oh, I'm so dadburned hungry  
I could most lay down an' die!

Tell 'er they've done took my mother  
Ter some placed called "Over There,"  
An' th' porehouse give my brother  
Way f'm me—an' I don't care  
'F I don't go back there never,  
An' I'm glad I runned away!  
An' I'm gone f'm there ferever!  
Tell 'er, can't ye come an' play?

Ast her don't she want a feller—  
Don't she want a little boy?  
I kin work like fury, tell 'er;  
Tell 'er that my name it's Roy.  
At th' porehouse say they whipped me,  
An' I'm lone an full o' cry!  
Tell 'er 'f she don't wanter dopt me  
Let me play 'ith you an' die!

## OVER THE HILLS AWAY.

Over the hills and away, away,  
Over the hills away,  
Where ox-eyed daisies dip and sway,  
Where morn's caressing sunbeams play,  
And curt'sying buds to the coming day  
Pour out a libation of dewy spray,  
Over the hills away.

Out over the hills and far, afar,  
Over the hills afar,  
Where toys and joys of childhood are,  
The choo-choo engine and railway car,  
And soldiers of tin, begirt for war,  
The little tin ship and the wee tin tar,  
Over the hills afar.

Over the hills and over the vales,  
Over the hills and vales,  
Where wee boats spread their gossamer sails,  
And the wind talks low to the tall cat-tails,  
Till the little boy's heart and courage fails,  
At the unknown ways and the unknown trails,  
Over the hills and vales.



Oh, for the little boy's joys and fears,  
    The little boy's joys and fears,  
For a charm to banish the dull grey years,  
For the red cheeks, wet with a little boy's tears,  
And the fearsome dark where the gobble-um leers,  
And the corners dim whence the grabum peers,  
    For the little boy's joys and fears.

### TO TRADE: A WORLD.

Dear as I love this gay old world,  
Its golden-fruited trees,  
The birds that carol loud and free  
Across its perfumed leas,  
The frosty air of winter time  
When birds have all gone south,  
Dear heart, I'd give it all, and laugh,  
To kiss you on the mouth!

Yea, I would give the whole round world  
Of meadow, wood and swale,  
Its boulder-tortured torrents fierce,  
Each trickling stream and vale;  
And laugh with very joy to give  
It all, from north to south!  
To just lift up your dimpled chin  
And kiss you on the mouth!

To just lift up your dimpled chin  
And look into your eyes—  
Look in to where the soul of love,  
And eke of mischief, lies—  
I'll have some placards printed big  
And posted north and south:  
WANTED: To trade a big round world  
For one kiss on the mouth!

And when you read that placard big,  
You'll know that it means you,  
And you will laugh the old glad way  
That I have seen you do;  
But I won't take back one wee word,  
I'll need no North nor South,  
For I will be in heaven when  
I kiss you on the mouth!

## PAPER DOLLS.

I think that I cut paper dolls until it was after nine,  
And the little girl who sat on my knee and gathered them up was mine,  
And then she watched while I penciled ears and nose  
and mouth and eyes  
On each paper doll, and she questioned me and  
harked to my low replies  
While I named them all as she held them up, and sat  
wide-eyed and still,  
As I called off Ellen, and Zulia, too, and Lulu, and  
little Bill;  
And then she made me count them all—one—two,  
and three, and four;  
Ellen and Zulia and Lulu and Bill, the children  
who live next door.

And Nellie and Fannie and Cleve and Belle and  
William—"and this is you!"  
And then she snuggled and kissed my chin and  
whispered: "My eyes am brue!"  
And said: "Dint papa notice 'at?" and reproach  
and sad surprise  
At my forgetfulness looked out on me from her  
blue eyes,

And I said: "Why, yes, of course I did; but we're just pretending this."

So she snuggled her arms about my neck and held up her lips to kiss,

And I kissed her neck and her forehead then and her hair and a wee, pink ear,

And she twisted and asked: "Tan papa see? My m'ouf is 'way over here!"

So I kissed her red, red, smiling lips, and cuddled her down to me;

And smiled to think of her wild surprise and her query: "Tan't papa see?"

Then I undressed her and wrapped her well in her nightie all pink and warm,

And told her the story of Little Boy Blue, and snuggled her sleepy form;

But she awoke when I laid her down and stopped my crooning low,

And said: "T'm ain't dot no dolls at all!" and queried: "Dint papa know?"

And so I tiptoed down the hall and gathered for her once more

The paper dolls that bore the names of the children who live next door.

## REGRET.

I felt so bad last night I waked from sleep,  
And went to where the moon was shining through  
The latticed window, and I scarce could keep  
From crying, thinking how I'd scolded you;  
I saw your wee, sob-shaken form again,  
And saw again your every tousled curl,  
And heard you strive to speak again, and then:  
"Don't papa 'member I's a 'itty dirl?"

And then I did remember! Such a wee,  
Sweet baby girl you are, dear heart, and I  
A great big, burly man; it seemed to me  
The whole vast night was echoing your cry!  
Pop's "'itty dirl" unknowing the world's way,  
Unknowing anything of right and wrong,  
Just trying to be happy every day,  
Just full of childish laughter and of song.

If I am ever cross again with you,  
When I cry out to God on my last day  
May He close tight the gate I would go through,  
Look coldly at me, dear, and turn away!  
I must have seemed a dreadful giant, dear,  
And you all wee and lone in a strange place;  
Dear "'itty dirl" my night was sad and drear  
With memory of those teardrops on your face.

## THAT SWEETHEART OF MINE.

I stood in a hall 'neath a chandelier's shine  
When the glasses brimmed high with a vintage divine,  
Where toast followed toast, and where wit sparkled  
free;

But whatever the toast, dear, I drank but to thee!  
I drank but to thee, dear, saw but thy eyes!  
And the hall stretched away till I stood 'neath the  
skies,

Where we two often walked, where you're waiting for  
me;

And so at the feasting I drink but to thee.

Yes, I lifted the beaker, I quaffed of the wine,  
And tho' loud grew the laughter, I saw but the shine  
Of the eyes whose farewell shone to me thro' a mist;  
And in fancy I stooped to the lips I have kissed;  
Then I lifted the goblet, full up to the brim!  
And I drank to a memory never grown dim!  
And I drank to a path that winds down by the sea;  
Aye, I drank as forever I'll drink, dear—to thee!

Tho' I walk all alone and afar from the crowd,  
Or where Bacchus holds sway; and where revel rings  
loud;

Let the toast be a tribute to far native skies,  
As I hold up my glass I'll but think of your eyes!  
Let the toast be the soldier, the lover, the sage,  
Be it goldenhaired youth or the silver of age,  
There is only one love in this wide world for me;  
And in wine, dear, or water I'm drinking to thee!

Then here's to her eyes, dear, here's to her hair!  
The maids of their loving, the dark maids and fair;  
Here's to black, brown or blue eyes, each knight to  
his taste!

To the tall, lissome maiden, the lass with a waist!  
And fill up to the rim till the goblet runs o'er,  
Ye have toasted the many—now, standing once more  
Drink, drink to the dregs of the ruby red wine—  
Here's to her forever! That sweetheart o' mine!



## BY THE STORK SPECIAL.

Mary Ellen had wished fer a boy fer a year,  
And me fer a girl, yep, I prayed fer a girl;  
Now that in the face of it sounds ruther queer,  
An' unusooal, too, but my Mary's my pearl  
Amongst women, an' I knowed thet she'd be as glad  
With a girl—jist as glad as she ever could be—  
So I prayed for a girl, whilst she prayed fer a tad—  
Jist a tad of a boy—that she knowed 'ud please me.

I 'ud yoke up the oxen with "Gee!" an' "Whoa, haw!"  
An' we'd go to the wood-lot, the oxen an' me,  
An' we'd see the sun rise, an' we'd hear the crows  
caw,

An' always in front of my mind there 'ud be  
A wee, little chap with his bare little feet,  
An' eyes peekin' at me right thoo a gold curl—  
I would see 'im as plain, jist as plain an' as sweet,  
An'—then I'd think of Mary, an' pray fer a girl.

An' Mary, a-washin' the dishes, 'ud dream

Of a sweet little girl in a checked gingham gown,  
With red blooms in her cheeks, an' a mischievous  
gleam

In her eyes, an' her yellow hair tumbled an' down,  
Till her heart an' her arms 'ud reach out to the tyke—

She would dream her that real—then, waked from  
her joy,

She'd git thinkin' of me an' of what I 'ud like,

An' 'ud blink back her longin' an' pray fer a boy.

An', so fer as that went, I didn't care much—

Of course men likes boys, it's their nature I  
s'pose—

But I think the wee hands, with their delicate touch,

Of a girl—of a girl—well you know how it goes—

I *did* want a boy! Mary *did* want a girl!

That's the long an' short of it! 'Twould hev been  
a great joy

Fer me, a boy would, with his hair all a-curl—

So I prayed fer a girl an' she—prayed fer a boy.

An' you ask me which was it? Now which 'ud you  
guess?

God has His own way of a-settlin' such things;

When He sends souls ter earth by Stork's Special  
Express,

An' we mortals hear faint the far-flutterin' wings  
An' look ter see what has been given ter us,

We're glad fer whichever; an' Mary an' me  
Seen two little tykes! Such a glad little cuss

Of a boy! An' a girl! Twins, by ging! Yes, sir-  
ree!

### STRAWBERRIES.

Hail! the luscious berry!

Once a poet said  
God could make a better fruit

Than strawberries red;  
Just suggested that He could,

But somehow He wouldn't;  
But, by jingo! 'twixt us two,

I believe He couldn't!

## WHEN BABE'S ASLEEP.

Why is that, when babe's asleep,  
The wee, sweet laughing dimples creep  
Into her cheeks, she seems to keep  
A tryst where angel's pinions sweep,  
When babe's asleep?

Is it, that far beyond the skies,  
Her soul harks back to paradise,  
And lying there with close-shut eyes  
She hears the angel lullabys?  
When babe's asleep?

Why do her rosebud lips beguile  
My cares, with such angelic wile  
I e'en must smile, to see her smile  
That helps to while the weary while,  
When babe's asleep?

Is it that she doth flit afar,  
To find her own soul's natal star,  
And in her dreams, with ne'er a jar,  
Glides back where erst companions are,  
When babe's asleep?

Doth she regret this being sent  
On earthly, carking mission bent,  
And seeking goes where erstwhile pent  
Her soul with other souls was blent,  
When babe's asleep?

I would that I the rune might read;  
Why dimples, rosy dimples, lead  
A smile—ah, how her smile doth plead—  
To my old heart; I'm glad indeed  
When babe's asleep.

Ah, not for me to enter in  
Her joy, or ever hope to win  
The answer; still my hope hath been  
That 'tis not colic makes her grin  
When babe's asleep.

## DAD'S GIRL.

Why, yes, babe, I think it's a wonderful fist,  
Each dimple, each knuckle, each crease I have kissed;  
And the rose tinted palm is as dainty and sweet  
As—as—well as the soles of your wee, little feet.  
By the way you admire your hands it is plain  
Dad's girl will be vain, most exceedingly vain.

You lie in your cradle, and waving your fist  
Aloft you just watch while you give it a twist;  
You laugh when it opes, when it closes you're glum,  
Then gurgle aloud to discover a thumb;  
Then you coo and you talk and give daddy your  
    hands,  
It's a heart to heart talk and your dad understands.

It's a funny old world; built for babies, you guess,  
Where their dads dance and crow, and the sweet  
    tenderness  
Of a mother enfolds them and wraps them about,  
And kisses and pats the pink feet that kick out,  
And life's such a joke for wee lassies and lads,  
With their hands clasped together and both held in  
    dad's.

In dreamy-eyed wonder you sink to repose,  
And your eyes are like stars when at last they un-  
close;  
Such a funny, big world, full of people that stare,  
Like you were the only wee babe that was there,  
And they eye one another, and laugh when you crow,  
And only your dad seems to listen and know.

Aye, only your dad! when your feet have grown  
strong,  
And carry you out midst the jostle and throng;  
When the world and temptations reach swiftly to  
grasp,  
May your hands find your dad's and be held in his  
clasp!  
When your eyes glint with joy or falter with woe,  
Tell it all to your dad; for you're dad's girl, you  
know.

## NO LIGHT.

I sat and dreamed of you last night,  
Wide eyed,  
Alone,  
And, in the hush of fading light,  
A form of wondrous mold and slight  
Sat in a chair, all gem bedight,  
Beside  
My own.

A form of regal mold and mien,  
Fair haired,  
Petite,  
Was mirrored on my mem'ry's screen,  
And old delights woke fresh and keen,  
And you, with chastened, humble mien,  
I dared  
To greet.



Ah, but the glowing west flashed red,  
A blaze  
Of gold;  
Your soul heard all that my soul said,  
Love once again, with hoping wed,  
Spread the same joy with which it spread  
Our ways  
Of old.

The night came down, my dream was spent;  
No light  
To mark  
Whence it all fast and faster fled;  
My vibrant heartstrings throbbed with dread;  
All hope, all joy, all light lay dead.  
The night  
Was dark!

## THE LESSON.

"Lord," I whispered, "I'm a-weary!" and I gazed  
upon the potion,  
That sweet-bitter draught whose draining could  
but bring my spirit rest,  
That would bring me lasting slumber, as the ebb and  
flow of ocean  
Soothes the scarred forsaken derelict that lies  
against its breast.

"Lord," I whispered, "I'm a-weary! Other ones have  
gone before me,  
And the bitter tears have fallen, fallen in my life  
like rain!  
And the skies have lost their blueness, and much  
darkness hovers o'er me,  
And sleep brings me little resting, and awaking  
brings me pain!"

"Lord," I whispered, "why the waiting? Why the waiting and the weeping?

If a task awaits my doing let me do it and be gone!  
Let me sleep—oh, I'm a-weary!—where those other ones are sleeping!

Let me rest till my awaking on the other side of dawn!"

"My Gethsemane hath found me and hath left me pining, pining!

And my lips are drooped forever that were erst a-curve with mirth!

And the sun has sunk forever that of erst was brightly shining,

And the shackles gall and hurt me that are holding me to earth!"

And I whispered, "On me be it!" and I lifted up the potion,

And already life that irked me seemed a thing far, far away;

And eternity oped to me like a vista of the ocean  
Traversed by a path of glory to the gateway of the day!

But a figure stood before me, grand, majestic in its  
beauty!

And its pinions stretched above me and I dwindled  
and was small!

And I heard a voice insistent whisper softly: "Do  
your duty!"

Then the vision smiled and left me and I let the  
potion fall!

And I whispered, "Lord, I'm ready!" and my selfish-  
ness fell from me,

And I looked and saw my fellows and the burdens  
they must bear,

And the help 'twas mine to give them, and till  
sleep doth overcome me

Will be all too short for doing. Duty's accents  
whispered, "There!"

Then, years after, came the angel, and a voice said:  
"You have waited,

And full well have earned your resting." Then  
the lips curved to a smile,

When I whispered, kneeling humbly, "Lord, my task  
was so belated

There remains much for my doing! Leave me yet  
a little while!"

## LULLABYE.

Softly your mother sings, "Bye-o-bye,  
Bye, oh, baby, bye,  
Slumber, oh, babe, for the moon is high,  
And brightly the stars from the deep, deep sky  
Look lovingly down where our babe doth lie;  
Lullabye, bye-o-bye."

Softly she sings of the spreading tree;  
"Bye, oh, baby bye,  
There's a cradle that nature has woven thee;  
Thou shalt swing so softly, oh, baby, wee,  
That the stars shall smile as they stoop to see;  
Lullabye, bye-o-bye."

I list to the croon as I sit out here;  
"Bye, oh, baby, bye;  
Sleep, oh, sleep; or the sand man, dear,  
Will scatter his sand till your eyes so clear,  
Like blossoms shall fold, and shall disappear;  
Lullabye, bye-o-bye."

As the moon-flowers open to greet the moon,  
"Bye, oh, baby, bye"  
Softly she hums you an old sweet tune,  
Tho' the words are her own that I hear her croon;  
Ah, baby, a mother's a wonderful boon!  
"Lullabye, bye-o-bye."

## LONESOME.

The rubber cat stands over where the cotton rabbit  
stands,

And, oh, but they look lonesome since the day you  
went away!

And the mirror shows the imprint of your wee and  
dimpled hands,

And your blocks are scattered where you used to  
play;

And there's simply nothing doing, for me evenings  
any more,

Not an hour of jolly romping with you, dear!

Oh, I'd like to get right down, I would, and sprawl  
out on the floor,

Like the way we used to do when you were here!

I would love to be your horse, I would—I can't keep  
back the tears,

I feel so doggoned lonesome when I think—

And I'd love to have you grab me, chubby-fisted, by  
the ears

And pretend that you were leading me to drink;

And I'd love to hear you laugh again, the way you  
used to do

When you went and hid behind the curtained door,  
And jumped right out and scared me with your loud,  
ferocious "Boo!"

Till I fell right down and wriggled on the floor!

It's bound to be a long, long time before the autumn  
breeze

Blows coolly from the prairie and the stream,  
And my heart just aches to grab you and to jump  
you on my knees,

Instead of just to simply sit and dream  
Of the rousing times we used to have, the things  
we used to do,

And of how I toted you a-pick-a-pack—  
Oh, I'm lonesome, lonesome, lonesome for your kisses,  
Eyes-o'-blue,

And I'm counting up the days till you come back!

## WHEN MARY WAS SIXTEEN.

When Mary was sixteen, I ween,  
When Mary was sixteen,  
Oh, then the world was fresh and green  
And each beloved scene,  
Recalled today, was fresh and fair,  
And wondrous was the sheen  
Of every strand of sunkissed hair  
When Mary was sixteen.

When Mary was sixteen I knew—  
When Mary was sixteen—  
Far brighter skies and deeper blue  
Than those I erst had seen;  
And, oh, she wore a gingham gown,  
All freshly starched and clean,  
And truant curls all tumbled down,  
When Mary was sixteen.



When Mary was sixteen then I—

When Mary was sixteen—

Oh, then my heart was in each sigh

And I was passing green;

We two walked out, but far apart

With lots of space between,

But joy was in each throbbing heart

When Mary was sixteen.

When Mary was sixteen I culled—

When Mary was sixteen—

The brightest blossoms ever pulled,

And she was glad, I ween;

I loved her then; but, oh, today

She is my wife, my queen!

And dearer than on that far day

When Mary was sixteen.

## SANTA CLAUS.

I have stood fer almost ev'ry thing iconoclasts have  
done;

I have seen life's idols fallin' inter fragments one  
by one,

An' I haven't made no murmur, jist perhaps have  
heaved a sigh,

An' have watched them do their smashin' an' have  
put the fragments by;

But there's a length they daren't go, a length 'at  
isn't right,

An' when they tackle Santa Claus, by ging, they've  
got ter fight!

The dear ol' chap was good enough fer me when jist  
a boy,

An' brung me jist 'bout all I knowed o' good ol'-  
fashioned joy,

An' the pleasure that was good enough in them ol'  
days fer me

Shant be crucified, I promise! Lord, preserve the  
Christmas tree!  
An' preserve the old illusions, fill all childhood's  
brimmin' cup  
With the pleasure 'at attended when I hanged my  
stockin up!

I believe in him, fer mother said they was a Santa  
Claus!

An' my dear ol' daddy said so, an' I b'lieve in him  
because,

'Cause I was a little feller, an' 'cause he was good ter  
me,

An' because o' all the glory o' the old-time Christ-  
mas tree!

An' because o' my own babies, an' the pleasure 'at's  
their due!

Shall I shut in their sweet faces pleasant doors 'at  
I've been through?

No sir! Roll yer eyes an' mutter in yer hypocritic  
strain!

Hope 'at you aint got no children—mebbe I'm  
a-talkin' plain,  
But I'm feelin' on this subjec' deeper p'raps than I  
kin tell,

An' a childhood 'thout a Santa is a burnin' joy-  
less—well,  
It aint no surenough childhood, an' I wanter say  
'at I  
B'lieve in Santa! Always have b'lieved! an' I will  
until I die!

An, I'm goin' ter tell my baby, when her lispin'  
prayers are said,  
That sweet story 'bout ol' Santa fore I tote her up  
to bed!  
An' I'll help write him a letter, an' I'll see her eyes  
grow bright,  
An' I'll know I've made her happy when she kisses  
me goodnight!  
An' the man that dares ter tell her that there aint no  
sich a thing  
Better not let me know of it, er he'll have ter fight,  
by ging!

## SUNSET.

The weeds take on a hue like goldenrod,  
And clouds erst gray, the setting sun hath kissed,  
Blush rosy red, and dusty jimsons nod,  
And, tremulous with light, the evening mist  
Doth waver like a scarf by zephyrs swept,  
Held in some fairy's hands, some fairy queen,  
Who through the long, hot day hath dreamless slept,  
And now, awaking, trips across the green.

And o'er her shoulders multi-colored fleece  
Doth wrap to guard her from the dews of night;  
Her coming bringeth rest, her smile is peace,  
Contentment lags behind her perfumed flight,  
Bright grows the world when day with night hath met,  
And life grows brighter as life's sun doth set.

### THE ORPHANT 'SYLUM BOY.

They'll be plantin' of potatoes in a day or two, I  
s'pose,  
An' the niggers'll be workin' in the corn an' cotton  
rows,  
An' the katydids be cheepin' jist outside the cottage  
door  
Where it used to be my home was, but it ain't my  
home no more!

An' sometimes I see the place  
In my dreamin', an' my face  
Is all splattered up with teardrops when I wake up  
in the morn',  
Though I know I shouldn't cry;  
But I 'most wish I could die,  
An' I git so choked an' lonesome that I'm sorry I was  
born.

Fer I'm jist a little feller an' it don't seem God kin  
know  
How I'm lonesome for my mother when the sun's a-  
gittin' low,  
An' how paths I useter run in coax an' coax my  
longin' feet,  
An' how bad I want my daddy what I useter go an'  
meet.

But I s'pose that God He knows—  
Yit the corn an' cotton rows  
'Ud suit me a hull lot better, an' I cry an' cry an'  
cry,  
An' I'd like a chanst ter drap  
'Ist my head in mother's lap,  
Like I useter when dad whupped me, an' ter hear her  
"bye-o-bye."

I kin see the moss a-hangin' where they laid 'em side  
an' side,  
An' they orter took me with 'em or stayed with me;  
bet that I'd  
Be a hull lot better feller 'f I could have 'em, an' God  
knows  
That my th'ot jist aches f'm longin' fer the corn an'  
cotton rows!

They don't seem to be no joy  
Fer no orphant 'sylum boy,  
An' I ain't no dad ter sing me: "Little feller, bye-o-  
bye."  
Don't ye s'pose that God He knows  
'Bout the corn an' cotton rows,  
An'—oh, gee! now don't ye foller me, I'm chokin' up  
ter cry!

### MIGHTY HARD.

Fall time down in Texas,  
Weeds are dried and dead;  
But, oh, the winter roses  
Are pink and white and red!  
And, oh, the morns are misty,  
And girls and noons are sweet,  
And any time in Texas  
Is mighty hard to beat!



## DUMPUNUMS.

My mamma's makin' dumpunums an' makin chicken  
    gravy,  
An' I'm dressed up an' swingin' on the gate to watch  
    for dad,  
My mamma's makin' dumpunums an' makin' chicken  
    gravy,  
She makes the bestest dumpunums you almos' never  
    had;  
An' I dot ribbons in my hair, an' I'm out here a-  
    swingin',  
I'm on the gate an' swingin' an' a-watchin' for my  
    dad;  
Des a-watchin' for my papa here a-swingin' an' a-  
    singin'  
An' I'll tell him 'bout the dumpunums an' my! but  
    he'll be glad.

My mamma's makin' dumpunums—I'm des come  
    from the kitchen,  
And me dropped the flour sifter and me-spilled some  
    water, too,  
And my mamma said: "Miss Twoshoes, some one's  
    goin' to get a switchin'

If they don't go watch for daddy, and I'm 'fraid it  
might be you!"  
So I'm watchin' for my daddy, now, up on the gate a-  
swingin',  
An' me'll see him way off yonder when him comes  
into the street,  
An' me'll dance away to meet him, des a-laughin' an'  
a-singin'  
An' me'll tell him 'bout the dumpunums an' dad'll  
call me sweet.

Dad'll stoop right down to gwab me when he sees me  
come a-runnin',  
An' he'll kiss me an' he'll ask me: "Who is daddy's  
little dirl?"  
An' he'll pick me up an toss me an' he'll say: "Now  
tell me, Cunnin',  
Who tied that baby ribbon on that little yellow curl?"  
'N'en he'll put me on him's shoulder an' we'll go back  
home a-talkin',  
An' he'll love me an' he'll hug me an he'll tell me me  
am sweet,  
An' the mockin'-birds up yonder will be singin' an'  
a-mockin',  
An' me'll tell him 'bout the dumpunums that we will  
have to eat.

My mamma's makin' dumpunums, me went out in  
the kitchen,  
An' she was makin' gravy and me spilled some water,  
too,  
An' my mamma said: "Miss Twoshoes, some one's  
goin' to get a switchin',  
If they don't go watch for daddy, an' I'm 'fraid it  
might be you."  
So me's waitin' here for daddy on the gate, a-singin',  
swingin',  
A'waitin' till me sees him an' me runs for him's  
caress,  
Then me'll go out in the kitchen, me a-dancin' an' a-  
singin',  
An' Miss Twoshoes won't get switchin's while her  
daddy's here, me guess.

## WHERE HE'S WAITING.

"Is he waiting?

Is he waiting?"

Pipes the field-lark to the thrush.

"Yes, he's waiting,

Still he's waiting,"

Comes the answer from the brush;

Then the voices of the woodland,

Then the perfumed spring-time breeze,

Hushes in rapt expectation

For the step of Mercedes.

"Is she coming?

Is she coming?"

To the field-lark calls the thrush.

"Yes, she's coming!

Now she's coming!"

Comes the answer: "Can't you hush?

Don't you hear the meadows whisper

As the grasses clasp her knees?

Don't you hear the breeze intoning:

'Coming, coming! Mercedes'?"

“Don’t you hear it?  
Hear her footstep?”  
Calls the perky-headed bird.  
“No, it wasn’t!”  
Calls the field-lark,  
“Not her footstep that you heard;  
That was just the far-blown whisper  
Of the far-off, spring-clad trees;  
It was never half so dainty  
As the step of Mercedes.

“No, but—no, but—  
Now she’s coming!”  
Comes the field-lark’s whistle shrill.  
“Coming! Coming!  
Coming! Coming!”  
Comes the chorus from the hill;  
And the field and woodland chorus  
Stirs the feather-foliaged trees,  
And all Nature bids her welcome  
Where Love waits for Mercedes.

## HAO SHEN.

When life's outlines grow sharp and hard,  
And Fancy's flights seem crushed and barred  
Beneath the upper and nether stones  
Of proper things which the world condones,  
And when I long till my heartstrings shriek,  
For an hour's reprieve, it is then I seek  
The strange, grotesque and smelly den  
Of the sire of little Hao Shen,  
Who softly plays on a sam-i-sen.

She sits enshrined amidst fins of sharks  
And dried birdnests. And pirate barks  
On the Yellow Sea have fought and sunk  
Full many a treasure-laden junk,  
That the spoil may wend through ways of trade—  
The costly mats and the gems of jade—  
To the strange, grotesque and smelly den  
Where smoketh the sire of Hao Shen,  
Who picks the strings of a sam-i-sen.

The city's rush seems strangely stilled  
By distance vast—the smell distilled  
By ginseng root and musty bales,  
Woos me afar to where the sails

Of pirate junks in swift pursuit  
O'ertake their prey, for the precious loot  
That stocks the strange and smelly den  
Where sleepeth the sire of Hao Shen,  
Who plays to me on a sam-i-sen.

Aye, sleep ! at last he sleeps, and well !  
And softly the notes of the music swell  
With a cadence new, till I seem to stand  
A painted picture, and hold the hand  
Of a painted maiden with cheeks snow white  
And red, red lips ; and whose eyes of night  
Are much like those in the smelly den—  
The den of the sire of Hao Shen,  
Who softly strums on a sam-i-sen.

Now loud the notes, now sobbing low,  
With all that the maiden would have me know—  
That the bird of the East would love to nest  
Close, close to the heart in a Western breast.  
Ah, would I were but a picture man !  
Forever to kneel on a lacquered fan  
To the little maid in the smelly den !  
Where dreams the sire of Hao Shen,  
Who plays with love on a sam-i-sen.

### INEVITABLE.

The air is a-weight with a faint perfume,  
Just the last sweet sigh of a dead red rose  
That she wore in her hair when we met in the gloom,  
And never a promise the future throws  
On the unmarked canvas of the years to be,  
Is worth to me half that the past hath been ;  
For never a future can bring to me  
One touch of the lips I had hoped to win.

One touch of the lips, or the low, sweet tone—  
Ah, I hold it a lie that the poet sings  
That "He travels far swifter who travels alone,"  
For years are heavy, each dawn that brings  
An unlived day to the bedside there,  
Of the man who hath none but himself to keep,  
Is greeted, yes, greeted with dark despair—  
For Lethe's stream is but found in sleep.



So I breathe a caress on the dead red rose,  
The scarlet leaves of a beauty flown,  
Just the faintest breath of a perfume blows  
From out of the years that we both have known,  
But the thorns! the thorns! we little dreamed,  
In the dear, dead days, that a thorn was there;  
They were hidden then and the leaves but seemed  
A tinted promise of the years we'd share.

But now how the thorns stand out! and sharp!  
Ah, but you must know how they rankle and sting!  
Or I never would travel alone, and harp,  
And hope for a tune from a long dead string!  
But we loved! we two; we were mad! love mad!  
Your lips to my lips! ah, we two loved well!  
Now I have but the thorns of the love we had—  
Who travels alone goes down to hell!

## WAITING.

Dear, we shall miss you, we shall and we do;  
The lips we have kissed, and the wee dimples, too;  
    The patter of feet,  
    The words lisped so sweet;  
The parting was bitter, but, yet, we shall meet,  
And we shall be glad in the morning.

Yours is the joy  
    And the peace over there;  
The glee in your eyes  
    And the sun on your hair.

Long, long are the days since 'twas ours, dear, to plan  
For you and your future when you were a man;  
    And now you are gone  
    And we wait all alone,  
And the paths seem to wait where your wee feet have  
    run;  
But our hearts will be glad in the morning.

Yours, dear, to play,  
    And to wait for us there;  
Your blue eyes a-shine  
    And the sun in your hair.

And you won't grow big, but forever be wee,  
With the lisp in your accents, the glint of rare glee  
    In your eyes, dear, and you,  
    When death lets us through,  
Will meet us and laugh the dear laugh that we knew,  
And we shall laugh loud in the morning.

Yes, dear, we shall  
    Laugh loud with you then;  
When the gates open wide  
    And we meet you again.

We know you were met, dear, on passing the door,  
By those who had lived and loved babies of yore;  
    With arms open wide  
    They stooped to your side,  
And we know you'll come running to us happy-eyed,  
And we shall be glad in the morning.

And so, dear, we smile  
    Through eyes dim with tears;  
Because you are waiting  
    For us down the years.

## MARGARET.

Baby, oh, baby,  
Innocency's self,  
Do you know dad loves you,  
You bewitching elf?  
Do you know at night-time  
Where the shadows creep,  
Dad is bending over you  
While you lie asleep?

Is there nothing whispers  
How he strokes your curls,  
How he lingers by you,  
Daddy's best of girls?  
How he's hoping, planning,  
Oh, you winsome mite,  
For your pleasure all your life,  
Planning day and night?

When cold blasts are blowing,  
When life's path is steep,  
Does he rue the climbing,  
Rue the wind's wild sweep?  
Nay; each rough rebuffing  
Never brings him rue;  
It but shows the places  
He must smooth for you.

Father's—mother's baby!  
Winsome three-year-old!  
From your dainty slippers  
To the ribboned gold  
Of your tousled tresses,  
Dearie! Eyes-o'-blue!  
You're a wisp of gladness!  
God be good to you!

### SOUL OF A FLAME.

You are the somnolent soul of a flame,  
But your eyes are ash-gray and as cold  
As ice, and your lips in a fine disdain  
Are curled as a rose leaf rolled  
By the touch of an all too boisterous wind,  
Whenever I meet your gaze;  
But my heart leaps up, and my pride is blind  
Whenever you cross my ways.

My heart throbs fast and my pride is blind,  
Oh, sinuous maid, and tall,  
And out of the wandering, listless wind  
I list for the ferine call  
Of the old wild days that bade men take  
Whatever seemed good; and might  
Was the only law, and fen and lake  
Were theirs by their might and right.

I know that your white, white eyelids veil  
The look of a kindred soul,  
And they bruise my heart like a swinging flail,  
And they urge me to make the goal;  
And my arms half reach when you pass me by  
To take you and crush you, too,  
In a wild embrace, and I try and try  
What I haven't the nerve to do.

I would clasp you, and crush you, and hold you tight;  
And your red, red lips to my kiss  
Would palpitate, and your gray eyes light  
With a startled but welcome bliss;  
Till your struggles ceased and your cry of fright  
Had merged in a languorous sigh;  
Till my arms might open to give you flight,  
But yet you would choose to lie.

For you are the somnolent soul of a flame;  
Aye, you sleep, but your eyes ash-gray  
Show a flash sometimes, and its wondrous gleam  
Doth lift me, and hold, and sway  
My soul, till my arms would clasp you tight  
And never unclasp again!  
Oh, for you and the days when might made right!  
For the days when men were men!

## BENEATH THE LILACS.

When memories of youth my path besetting,  
    Lead me aback along the paths of rue,  
Then life is just a grumbling and forgetting,  
    And the thing that I am regretting most is you.  
You are only just a memory, but hang you !  
    Your arms are 'round my neck, your lips to mine,  
And I'm humming o'er the songs I erstwhile sang  
    you,  
    And your eyes look through the years and shine,  
        and shine.

I see your dimpled shoulders gleaming whitely,  
    Your lips are red as on a night we knew ;  
The night breeze stirs your tresses, lifts them lightly,  
    And the maid whom I am kissing, dear, is you.  
Ah, I have tried so hard to just forget you !  
    Ah, I have burned cigars before your shrine !  
But every puff brings back the night I met you,  
    And through the puffs of smoke your glances shine.



The lilacs dip with dew, their branches bending,  
Just form a perfumed arch above your head;  
Your breath with the sweet lilac's breath is blending,  
And blended were the vows we looked and said.  
It's true that I have tried, but I can never  
Forget you, or forget that you were mine;  
Howe'er my thoughts may stray they're turning ever  
To look deep in your eyes and see them shine.

I walk again where lilac boughs are drooping,  
And list to other vows from other lips,  
But mem'ries of the past forever trooping  
From out the past my present hopes eclipse;  
The moonbeams in the dewdrops scintillating,  
Like laughter crystallized in limpid tears,  
Drips on my head bowed down where I am waiting,  
Like mem'ries from the chalice of the years.

## A WEEPING AND FORGETTING.

Beside your bed I stand while you are sleeping,  
One little roseleaf palm outstretched and pink,  
Still on your cheek the tears of recent weeping,  
But on your lips a smile, the while I think  
How babyhood is blest by fates caressing,  
That even while their cheeks with tears are wet,  
Whate'er the hurt, whate'er the grief distressing,  
'Tis just to weep a little, then forget.

If I should pass tonight, and silent lying,  
With features all austere in solemn gloom,  
You'd sob, perchance, unknowing cause for crying,  
Save that you felt a presence in the room,  
A presence dread, intangible and fearful,  
Whose stamp of deep repose its seal had set  
On my wan face, you'd be a moment tearful,  
You'd cry a little while and then forget.

With your short limbs you haven't far to tumble,  
Nor with your weight do you hit very hard,  
But, oh, to hear the wail that marks a stumble  
Would make one think the universe were jarred;  
It crieth loud and long, no diminution  
Doth seem to heave in sight, and yet, and yet,  
E'en moments find for grief a swift solution,  
You cry a little while and then forget.

If you should pass tonight and, all forgetful,  
In your white shroud should lie midst faint perfumes,  
Then I'd recall each grief you'd had; regretful,  
Heart-broken I would kneel amidst the blooms;  
Remember your small griefs and shrieks of laughter,  
Your sweet caresses when at night we met,  
Then I would bow and leave, but ever after  
I'd weep, and weep, and weep, and ne'er forget!

## HALLOWE'EN.

Down from out the mists of mem'ry, like the shadow  
of a dream,

Comes the vision of an old-time country party  
Hallowe'en;

And I see the girls peel apples as they did that night  
of yore,

And toss parings o'er their shoulders to make  
figures on the floor.

And the letter of their forming was the first one of  
the name

Of, perchance, a present sweetheart, of some blush-  
ing love-lorn swain;

And I sit and smoke and ponder, and I'm living in a  
dream

Of a pleasure long departed, of an old-time Hallow-  
e'en.

For the children gathered 'round me just last night,  
and, as of yore,  
Came the youths and red-cheeked lassies, helter-  
skelter, through the door;  
And they danced to "Old Dan Tucker," and they  
bobbed for apples, too,  
Till their faces were as drippy as pink roses dipped  
in dew.

'Twas my daughter Hester's party, she just turning  
seventeen,  
An' 'twas then that I remembered that off-yonder  
Hallowe'en,  
And my heart it grew so mellow that I felt my spirits  
balk,  
So I filled my pipe and softly sneaked outside to  
take a walk.

Then I seen Jim Jones a-hangin', all forlorn, across  
the gate,  
An' I stepped into the shadow of the apple tree to  
wait;  
An' I seen him rubber-necking at the windows, like  
he'd try  
'F he could see my Hester's shadow in the light,  
a-flittin' by.

And a-sudden I remembered all about that Hallow-  
e'en,

And the how my Hester's mother was just turning  
seventeen ;

And I snuck around behind Jim Jones an' whispered :  
"Howdy do !"

And 'f I hadn't grabbed his coat-tails I've a notion  
he'd a flew !

And I put my arm around him—seemed like he was  
just a kid—

And I said: "You love her, Jimmie?" and he  
gulped and said he did ;

And I snuck him through the kitchen, up aloft, and  
left him there

In the dark before the mirror, on the landin' of the  
stair.

And I went down to the parlor, knocked my pipe out,  
and said I :

"There's a charm that I remember Hester's mother  
used to try ;

If a girl would care to try it—it's a rather eerie lark—

She can see her future husband peering at her  
from the dark."

And said, "Hester, take a candle, and go softly up the stairs

Where the looking-glass is standing, an' don't look  
'round anywheres,

But just right before you, honey, and just count out,  
'One, two, three!'

An' there truly ain't no tellin' half that you are apt  
to see."

So she took the dip an' started, it a-flarin' low an'  
dim,

And I knowed her cheeks was flamin' an' her heart  
was throbbin': "Jim!"

And I snuck outside an' waited, fer I felt I wanted  
air,

And I sorter felt her mother was some nearer to  
me there.

And, right then, she came a-flyin', him behind her,  
down the walk,

An' they had their arms around me, both to plum  
heart-full to talk!

And all Hester said was, "Daddy!" and Jim said,  
"It's gittin' cool

Fer this time o' year." Doggone him! I just  
blubbered like a fool!

## SING THE SOUTH.

Sing the South! Oh, the South! Sing the South!

With her yellow, red roses, and pink!

Where the air is like wine in the mouth,

And there's glad, surging life in the drink!

Sing the South! Oh, the beautiful South!

With her sweep of wide star-blossomed plains—

Red-lipped—oh, the kiss of her mouth

Sends the blood rushing swift in the veins!

Oh, the South! Oh, the South!

Let her glories ring clear,

Like the song in the heart

Of the lover, when, near

Where he leans on the bars,

Trembling beauty appears,

With her eyes like blue stars

Smiling glad through her tears.



Sing the South ! Oh, the South ! Oh, the South !

Oh, her bayous that sleep in the shade !

Oh, the pout of her lily-kissed mouth

Whose kiss maketh man unafraid !

Oh, the lingering clasp of her arms !

Oh, the witcheries sweet of each wile !

Oh, her broad fertile prairies and farms !

There's a promise of joy in her smile !

Oh, the South ! Oh, the South !

Let her glories ring clear !

And lilt like the kiss

Of her own atmosphere !

Oh, her sweet blossoms lie

Like a kiss on the mouth !

There's no love like the South !

Sing the South ! Sing the South !

## FULL O' BRAG.

When I've watched you an' your mother scramblin'  
'round an' playin' tag,

An' you with curls a-tossin' as ye run,  
I swear that, on the quiet, I'm so dad-burned full o'  
brag

That I think the world don't hold another one  
That kin hold a candle to ye, that kin laugh as loud  
as you,

That is half the treasure you are to your dad ;  
Bet there ain't another baby with such eyes o' bonny  
blue,

Or another one whose laugh is half as glad.

Bet they ain't another baby, when the sand man  
comes around,

That snuggles down to slumber like you do,  
An' they ain't another baby, when it's been undressed  
an' gowned,

That looks half so like an angel, dear, as you ;

An' they ain't another daddy standin' by a trundle-  
bed,  
An' lookin' on another baby form,  
That is buildin' half the castles I'm a-buildin' in my  
head;  
Or another one whose heart feels half so warm.

Bet I like to see ye mornin's, half asleep an' half  
awake,  
Like a dimpled little Cupid, curled an' pink,  
An' to see your little paddies both upheld for dad to  
take,  
An' your eyes, now wide in wonder, now a-blink;  
Oh, whatever years may fetch me, so they leave me,  
dear, but you,  
Will find me well content to bear the load;  
So they leave but you beside me, and your eyes o'  
twinklin' blue  
A-smilin' up to mine along the road.

So I watch you an' your mother playin' tag around  
the house,  
Or tippy-toein' 'round at peek-a-boo,  
Now a-yellin' just for gladness, now as still as any  
mouse;  
Never knowin' all the time I'm watchin' you;

Never guessin' half the pleasure you're a-givin' your  
old dad,

Who sits an' sizes you up as you run,  
Till his heart just beats in jig-time, he's a-feelin' so  
darned glad!

An' he waits to grab you to him when you're done.

#### AWFUL.

"Pick her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care;  
Fashioned so slenderly  
Young and so fair;"  
Barefoot for retiring,  
Her shriek roused the house;  
She's near to expiring—  
She stepped on a mouse!

## BEREAVED.

Love, I've wandered far today where green forest  
boughs were bending,

And past wide, wide fields where men are planting  
corn;

And I found a forest pathway that of old knew oft  
our wending,

Where, in shady nooks, still hung the dew of  
morn;

And the mocking-birds were singing, and the skies  
were deep and blue,

And sweet voices of the springtime seemed to softly  
ask for you.

Said the mocking-birds, "The maiden? You're not  
surely here alone!"

And, "Alone!" the echo whispered, and a breeze,  
tiptoeing by,

Softly searched through all the forest with a low,  
expectant tone,

And then, stooping to the meadow, where the early  
blossoms lie,  
Gently lifted up each leaflet, then, replacing it with  
care,  
Seemed to pause, then soft departed, whispering:  
"Not there, not there!"

Still I trod on till I reached it, the old oak tree of our  
trysting,  
Where a mound is, and where wreaths of blossoms  
lie;  
And my face was in the mosses, and the breezes, all  
unlisting,  
Wandered past me, and I heard a quav'ring cry,  
Which welled from somewhere within me, a long cry  
which naught could sate;  
'Twas my soul, bereft and longing, calling, calling  
to its mate.

But the blossoms, nor the oak tree where our names  
are carven deep,  
Seemed to give the mound beside me e'en a thought;  
Just the breeze came snuggling to me, and it whis-  
pered: "Never weep  
For the maiden, for her soul is never caught

In that narrow earthen chamber where the worms  
their revels hold ;

For the soul seeks warmth and glory, and the grave  
is dark and cold !”

Then I wandered far and left it, left the grave, earth-  
cold and deep,

For a something whispered to me where to seek,  
And I know that I shall find you on the other side of  
sleep,

And, although I wake with tear-drops on my cheek,  
Still I know you wait to greet me where we never  
more shall part ;

But the long and weary waiting, just the waiting,  
breaks my heart !

### A VOW.

That I was cross last night most broke my heart,  
And, when you were asleep, I tiptoed in  
To where you lay with rosebud lips apart,  
And tangled curls, and rose-leaf tinted skin,  
And stood above you for the longest while,  
Until you sobbed in slumber, and you sighed;  
And, dear, that sigh drove back my happy smile,  
And I remembered! And I almost cried.

"Twas such a little thing; you wished to mark  
Across the pages of the book I read,  
And I said: "No!" You went off in the dark,  
And mamma rocked you and you went to bed,  
And to her crooning went to Slumberland;  
And when night's stillness wrapped its mantle deep  
About the world, I crept and held your hand,  
And bent and softly kissed you in your sleep.



And softly kissed the curtains of your eyes,  
And lightly kissed your little finger-tips,  
And your half-parted lips, whence troubled sighs  
Still fluttered ; and I laid my contrite lips  
Against your cheek, and, oh, my babe, my dear !  
I wept that that one word for which I blamed  
Myself was ever uttered ; and a tear  
Fell on your cheek, and I was not ashamed.

I think I had forgot all you had done  
To make me glad, and make this world seem dear ;  
The old world never smiled back at the sun,  
And songbirds never caroled half so clear  
Before you came ! and never drooping bough  
Whispered so sweet and lilting a refrain !  
And I was cross ! dear baby, hear my vow :  
I'll never, never, never be again !

## ONLY YOU.

When the day gives 'way to twilight,  
And the sun's red robes are furled,  
I am thinking of just one woman  
In all the wide, wide world ;  
I am dreaming of just one sweetheart,  
Where the night winds shed their dew,  
In all of the perfumed world  
For me there is only you.

The live oaks spread their branches  
Afar in a perfumed shade,  
And the lightning bugs go flitting  
And darting across the glade,  
And the night bird's song comes ringing  
Through the night and the falling dew,  
And all the world seems singing  
Of you, dear heart, of you !

If 'tis love to recall each pressure  
Of the hands when we have met,  
If 'tis love to recall each parting  
Till the eyes are dim and wet,  
And it is, then know I love you  
Each day and each night-time through!  
In all of the world of women  
For me there is only you!

In all of this world of women  
When the sun's red banners furl  
I seem to see you only,  
Each wanton and wind blown curl  
Comes back and is treasured, treasured  
Where memory's gods are set!  
Of all the world of women  
It is you I will ne'er forget.

### A GEM.

I know where the opal lies  
    Changing and darkling ;  
I know where, 'neath Eastern skies,  
    Rubies are sparkling ;  
I've ranged the abysses  
    Where pearls glimmer dim,  
Like tears, or the kisses  
    Of sweet seraphim.

But not in Golconda's mines,  
    Not in the sea,  
Not where the opal shines,  
    Shines one for thee ;  
I'd create thee a gem  
    Of the night and the dew  
For my love's diadem ;  
    Oh, my darling, for you.

Just a dash of the blue  
From a summer's blue sky ;  
Just a wee drop of dew ;  
Just a mockingbird's cry  
Toned down to a croon ;  
Just a touch of the night  
When the bright Southern moon  
Sheds its mellowing light.

Just the first faint perfume  
That a jasmine doth shed  
When it opes its first bloom,  
Then a dash of the red  
That a trumpet vine holds  
'Gainst the tree's shaggy bole,  
Like love's flame that enfolds  
And enraptures a soul.

Then a sigh from your lips,  
And a throb from your heart,  
When the orb of night dips  
To where lovers must part ;  
These with strange necromancies,  
'Midst night and 'midst dew,  
I would weave with my fancies,  
A jewel for you.

## IN SPANISH.

I presume that Chiquita is basking today  
On the sunlit plaza in Monterey,  
And her eyes flash out 'neath her brow of jet,  
While deftly she rolleth a cigarette;  
I would give my life—aye, risk my soul,  
For the touch of the fingers that deftly roll  
The fragrant weed! Ah, Chiquita! yes,  
There's a joy untold in their soft caress!

Or there used to be—oh, the Spanish tongue!  
Ah, never the anthem of love was sung  
In so sweet a tone! I can hear you yet—  
There are some things, dear, one can not forget;  
It was in my heart to give up and stay  
In the sunlit plazas of Monterey:  
To let the world and ambition slide,  
For my own, my Chiquita! my dusky-eyed!

I could tell of a struggle, you know I could !  
It hurts like the dickens, this being good !  
'Twould have been no struggle to stay and bask  
In the light of your eyes ! No, dear ! the task  
Was to hit the trail ! I can see your mouth,  
All apout for kisses ! it draws me south !  
And at night in my dreams there's a dainty hand  
Comes to beckon me over the Rio Grande.

Ah, Chiquita, affection can't split in two !  
It was a struggle 'twixt eyes o' black and blue,  
And I left the black ; but I see them yet !  
And, deftly rolling a cigarette,  
I see you, dear, where we strolled that day,  
Through the sunlit plaza in Monterey !  
I've no grumble coming ; 'twas mine to choose  
'Twixt black and blue, and I chose the blues.

So between us two let the river roll ;  
Black eyes mean passion ; blue eyes mean soul !  
And I think I have chosen the better way,  
Though it leads me from you and from Monterey ;  
And I am not fickle. Nay, say not so !  
I only loved you in Spanish, you know ;  
And, of course, in love all things are fair,  
And I've won me the maiden with golden hair.

## SWEET.

Oh, slender, swaying hollyhocks,  
Oh, roses, white and red,  
Oh, white moon-flowers blossoming  
When the hot day has sped,  
And sweet perfumes of lilac blooms,  
And jasmine odors sweet,  
And blossom-bordered highways,  
That coax my prisoned feet;  
Sweet—passing sweet—are all of you,  
You hollyhocks that sway;  
You roses white and jasmine white,  
You blossom-bordered way,  
You white moon-flowers blossoming,  
You roses flaming red,  
But my sweet, nightie-robed, wee  
When ready for h  
Is sweeter far than  
God bless ha



Is sweeter far than you are sweet,  
    "Me 'ays me down to s'leep——"  
She lisps, with arms about my neck,  
    "Me p'ays me soul to teep——"  
And breezes lift her locks, and drift  
    Them up against my mouth,  
And she is sweet, and they are sweet,  
    As kisses from the South!  
And fainter, fainter grows her voice,  
    And soft her eyelids close,  
And closer, closer to my heart,  
    I clasp my Texas rose;  
Oh, sweeter than red roses are  
    When the warm day has sped,  
Oh, sweeter than the memory  
    Of other days, long fled,  
Is my wee baby, nightie-robed  
    And ready for her bed!



## CITY WEARY.

When the old, dog-tired feeling gets to tugging at my  
feet,

Then my soul goes out a-wand'ring through whole  
miles of meadowsweet;

When the hotness of the summer gets to surging in  
my blood,

Then I bathe my soul, in fancy, in the coolness of  
the wood.

In the wood where mighty boulders, marked by knob  
and scar and seam,

Lie like the discarded playthings of the giants of a  
dream;

And the trees are overhanging, showing mottled bits  
of sky

That reflect amid the shallows where the streamlet  
trickles by.

There the trees are huge and scraggy as they used to  
be, I know,

And the teetertail is running in the little stream-  
let's flow,

And huge ferns their fronds are waving like the  
wands the fays employ

For some wayward, wandering, timid, mystery-  
loving little boy.

And the tinting of the forest is all green and gray  
and gold,

And the glades, where we held picnics in enchanted  
days of old,

Lie, I know, just as they used to, but they hear no  
laugh of glee

From the children who once played there, and  
they're sad as they can be.

Trout are darting through the shallows, or are leap-  
ing in the air,

Showing golden sides; as shiny as a little sweet-  
heart's hair

Who went wading, laughing, splashing with me only  
yesterday;

Oh, old days, and ways, and gladness! How they're  
drifting far away!

Oh, old days, and ways, and gladness—mother's soft  
hand on my hair;

Father's loud hail just to please me, and to fill me  
with a scare

As the strange mysterious echoes picked it up and, to  
and fro,

Rolled it chuckling through the dimness of the  
woods I used to know.

Oh, the city's heat and smother irks me till my heart  
is sore!

Oh, the memory haunts me, haunts me, of the  
woods I knew of yore!

Oh, the old stream calls me, calls me, singing down  
its pebbled way,

To come wading through the shallows like I did  
just yesterday!

When the dogwoods are in blossom, every blossom  
gemmed with dew,

When the trees have donned new dresses that the  
sunlight filters through,

Then my soul goes out in memory to the woods I used  
to know,

Down the years there's no retracing to the joys of  
long ago.

## DRINK.

Let's fill the cup, the loving cup, and of it  
Drink to ourselves and to the world and love it;  
Drink to ourselves, our two selves, you and me,  
And all the world; to blossom nodding lea,  
To hill and vale, to desert and to wood;  
To me the world and you seem more than good!  
That's right—the cup—your gray eyes glint above it!  
Quaff deep and long to all the world—I love it!

To all the world quaff deep and long; I love it!  
You and the world, while you are in and of it.  
I love the world! Or whether near or far  
I know I'm in the world—the one you are;  
And so I love the world, its every hue;  
This world of ours: this world of me and you;  
This laughing world, with blue skies bending over,  
With you, and me, and bees, and fields of clover.

Drink long and deep to all the world, and, quaffing,  
Above the rim show me your gray eyes laughing;  
Drink to the day, and quaff a cup to night,  
The starlit night, with every bloom alight  
With dewy gems left by each passing breeze,  
With fragrant, clinging grasses to the knees;  
Lift up the cup—lift—you and me together—  
To all the world, and every kind of weather!

Lift high life's cup, the sparkling, effervescing!  
Give me your eyes, now laughing, now caressing!  
Give me your lips, your curving lips and red!  
Drink deep of life and love! Fling back your head  
Till I shall see your rounded, swelling throat  
Throb as the mockbird's throbs with every note!  
Throb with a joy too sweet for any voicing,  
With a world's love and with a soul's rejoicing!

## OH, COME TO ME THEN.

It is mine to be busy and mine to forget,  
And yours to be glad as the birds are—and, yet—  
Oh, don't be too glad, too forgetful, for I  
Shall be lonely sometimes; and the happy gone-by  
Will woo me, and coax me, and weave the old thrall  
'Round my soul, and my heart, and my senses; and all  
That you were you shall be—just as pure, just as fair!  
When my soul calls, in memory, come to me there.

It will be only sometimes, just sometimes, and yet,  
It will be when I need you! The worry and fret  
Of my strife with the world will have worn the veneer  
Of my life, dear, so thin that my soul shall appear;  
And my heart—the old heart, dear, that beat just for  
you—

Shall falter and struggle, and plainly show through  
Life's husk of pretense; then, dear, I must go  
And hide in the past, or the whole world will know.

When, amid all your pleasures, a voice whispers low,  
Of valleys and woodlands and hills, you will know;  
And whispers insistent, and will not be still,  
Of the song of a stream and a lone whippoorwill,  
And a mill, and an inn, and lagoons in a park;  
It will be just my soul calling yours from the dark.  
Oh, then, to my calling, come back to me, dear,  
On memory's wings from the far yesteryear.

## THE LIBERTINE.

A banquet's a wonderful thing,  
And the toasts of the folk who respond,  
And the glittering lights and the blossoms that swing;  
But out of the hall, and beyond,  
Out of the glitter and out of the glare,  
Out of the perfume and out of the glow,  
Is a curving seat on an oaken stair,  
And a hall where the lights are low;  
And a brown-eyed girl,  
And a perfumed curl;  
Way back in the long ago.

Way back of the toasts and the talk,  
And the clinking of glass and the lights,  
There are low-hung boughs and a moonlit walk,  
And a wonderful night of nights!  
Way back of the napery, back of the years;  
Way back of the vases and goblets tall;  
Way back of all sorrowing, back of all tears,  
Is a perfumed fountain whose waters fall,  
And a brown-eyed girl,  
And a perfumed curl;  
Back—away back of it all.



Yea, aback, way back of it all,  
    Of the glitter, the jest, and the joke,  
Are the eyes ashine and the lilting call  
    Of a maiden whose heart was broke!  
Way back of the wassailry, back of the jeer;  
    Way back of the laughter at tales you tell,  
Way back of the ages, the eyes shine clear  
    On you of a maiden who loved you well;  
        Of a brown-eyed girl  
        With a perfumed curl;  
They are lighting your road to hell!

## IN DAD'S BED.

She said, and she nodded her head each word,  
    "I 'ants to dit in dad's bed, me do;"  
But her mother—granting her mother heard—  
    Had naught to say; but the voice came through,  
Through the open door, through the purple gloom,  
    To where her daddy had waked and knew  
That he wanted her, and he made her room.  
    "I 'ants to dit in dad's bed, me do."

And then he waited while moments fleet  
    Dropped away from time in a purple deep,  
But never a patter of wee bare feet;  
    So he snuggled down and was half asleep  
When a thin, grieved voice smote on his ear,  
    And he caught the sob in the baby tone;  
"Ain't papa a-tummin'? I'm waitin' here.  
    Does papa 'ants me to tum alone?"

But later, when she had snuggled down,  
The grief was gone from her voice away,  
And the yellow curls from her tousled crown  
Were spread a-wide when the light of day  
Came in through the window and touched her head;  
And her dimpled cheek; and its mellow tone  
Like gold-dust lay on the curls outspread,  
Dad thought of his girl in the dark alone.

And he kneeled by the bed ere he went to town,  
And his lips lay long on the golden head,  
And the dimpled fist that was hanging down  
He kissed; and kissed where upon the spread  
A pink palm lay like a crinkled rose;  
And he kissed the lids of the eyes of blue,  
And she dreamily said as he kissed her nose:  
"I 'ants to dit in dad's bed, me do."

## THE BULLFROG'S TALE.

Oh, a frog once lived in a wide, green pool,  
And he said to himself, said he :  
"I'm a big bass hit of the third degree !  
There is nothing that's just like me !  
In the muggy depths, or upon the banks,  
I am quite the biggest toad ;  
No tadpole ever that's yet been hatched  
Has equaled the way I've growed."

Then he struck a note, and he looked about,  
And he saw he was alone ;  
And he said : "I've a voice like the nightingale,  
Of wonderful depth and tone ;  
And when, oh, say, has a leg like mine  
Burst on your startled view ?  
It's the graceful limb of the biggest toad  
That grows in the whole blamed slough."

And he said: "I'm the bulliest bull-toad yet  
That ever has split the scum!  
And the cow-toads and the calf-toads, too,  
Have a notion that I am some!  
When I trill a note in my swelling throat  
All other toads are still;  
While the melody trickles across the slough  
And echoes beyond the hill.

"Oh, I modestly make the claim right here  
That mine is a voice divine!  
There ne'er was a bass that the world has known  
That was quite so bass as mine——"  
Just then an interruption came,  
And a bull of beef-extract brand  
Came prancing down to the old slough's brink  
And stood on the moonlit strand.

There was something wrong with his tremolo stop,  
Or digestion perhaps was bad;  
At any rate he just stretched his neck  
And bellowed away like mad!  
Then the bull-toad out on the mossgrown log  
Assumed a look quite bored;  
And he said: "I wish you'd repeat that note,  
I think I can catch the chord."

So the bull just rumbled away once more,  
Like a thunder storm a-hoof;  
And the bullfrog moved his toadstool off  
And sat very much aloof;  
And he said with a sneer: "I can beat that note,  
And I'll scare that bull to death!  
He has never yet heard a voice like mine;  
Oh-h-h-h, wait till I get my breath!"

So he sat and he sucked the ozone in,  
And he drank up the atmosphere;  
And he said: "That bull will die of fright  
When my voice strikes on his ear!"  
But an awful finish awaited him—  
When his bellows of air was full  
He bu'sted up like a rubber balloon,  
But he never feazed the bull!

There's a moral tied to this bullfrog's tale,  
For this bullfrog had a tale;  
'Tis just that ambition uncontrolled  
Is very like to fail.  
If you follow the gait of a swifter toad  
You'll find the game's no joke,  
It's a pace that will kill all joy you've known,  
And its finish will see you broke.

## WOULDN'T YOU?

Wouldn't you like to go today and browse  
On a hill-side slope where the winds carouse  
In an elfin dance with the daisies tall,  
And the larks sing loud, and the thrushes call,  
And the peach and apple blossoms float  
Like each was an opal-tinted boat  
With a fairy helmsman, drove along  
On an airy, fairy stream of song?

And you'd almost catch the elfin hail,  
And an almost glimpse of the elfin sail,  
And, where you dreamed 'neath the apple tree,  
The waves would run of an inland sea;  
Each wave's crest white with the marguerites;  
And, for where the sea and the headland meets,  
Just an old gray wall where the shadows flit,  
And a maid and a lover might come and sit.

Heigh-o ! but I know of a place, I do,  
For all of the world like that, don't you ?  
The wall is of square-hewn stones, and grown  
With a century's moss, and I carved my own  
And another's name on its face one day,  
When she and I, in our childish play,  
Had climbed the hill and had wandered there ;  
My barefoot sweetheart ! young and fair !

Heigh-o ! I do—I know of the place  
Where the grassy sea's green billows race,  
And I know the place where, with rock and nail,  
I carved our names ; and the blossoms sail  
In the same old way ; but the barefoot maid,  
With the sky-blue eyes, who stood half afraid  
By my side, is gone ; and I'm old and lone ;  
And as gray and worn as the lichened stone.



## SEA-BORN FOLK.

They are born up out of the sea, these folk ; they  
    know of the green hills sliding,  
    Of the rushing valleys in between, of the undertow,  
        low biding  
To grasp and to hold their slim, wet limbs, till, struggling, they go under,  
    Lulled to life's last and dreamless sleep, where, far  
        and faint, the thunder  
Of combing breakers irks them not, nor the sun's hot  
    passioned kisses ;  
    Aye, they are born up out of the sea ; they know of  
        its green abysses.

From the northmost cape of Shurup far to Kutsin  
    Sima's Isle,  
    On naked coast, in sheltered port, know they the  
        sea's each wile ;

They know each bellying cloud's intent, a-stoop to  
kiss the brine;

They know the ways of sea-born winds, their every  
growl and whine;

They meet the wide Pacific swell in league-on-league-  
long race,

And skim before the simoon's breath down paths  
no eye may trace.

So they were born out of the sea, all naked, unafraid;  
Thrown up on sea-girt isle and shoal, where sea  
with tempest played,

To battle out their destiny. Aye, brown are they, and  
squat;

But heavy was their way and long, endurance was  
their lot;

And rugged, tiring labor's way is never beauty's way;  
But, better far, it builds for strength and gives the  
sinews play.

And they up from the booming sea have climbed, and  
taken place

In the world's van; have caught the stride, the  
brine still on their face;

Struck China, whom the world half feared, out from  
their path and wide;

Nor seemed to think the deed were much, nor fal-  
tered in their stride;

And now the hulking Russ comes down, hot-blooded,  
filled with ire;

And Fear hath fled the meeting-place where born  
are death and fire.

And they fight well, these sea-born ones, Chemulpo's  
harbor knows;

It saw them find the lurking foe, heard war's re-  
sounding blows,

And saw the Russian cruisers beached and useless in  
the fray,

Ere Japan's ships drew off and sped on their  
triumphant way

To where were other deeds to do and other foes to  
find;

Their eyes forever to the front; defeated foes  
behind.

Aye, they fight well, these sea-born folk, they know of  
the green hills sliding;

Of the ravening hollows in between, of the under-  
tow's low bidding;

For they have fought it for their lives as, strangling,  
they went under ;  
And they have fought the tempest's wrath and  
laughed to scorn the thunder  
Of the fierce breakers pounding hard, the tidal wave's  
grim combing,  
When God's own wrath swept sea and main, and  
Neptune's steeds were homing.

### THE CITY GIRL.

She said to the man who was driving the team,  
"Oh, I'd give almost anything  
To hear the sweet whiffletree whiffle," she said,  
"And list to the singletree sing."  
  
"They're a-doin' it now," said the sunburned chap,  
And truth in his accents rung,  
"They're a-doin' it now, but you just can't hear  
Because of the waggin' tongue."

## A BUG.

A May-bug blundered in last night, and you  
Watched everywhere it went around the room ;  
And, when it came around the light and flew  
Near you, your face was full of awful gloom ;  
And you put down the things with which you played,  
And sidled up and stood beside my knee ;  
And, when it struck my desk, then you essayed  
To catch the bug and hand it up to me.

Then, when it clung to your wee finger tips,  
You gave a pitiful, long look to me ;  
And trembling fear distorted your sweet lips,  
And when you tried to shake loose and be free,  
And it did buzz and cling to your white gown,  
I think your squall was heard away down town.

## LONGING.

Roses, both white ones and red ones;  
Violets drenched with dew;  
And, oh, but the South is bonny!  
And, oh, but its skies are blue!  
But I sigh sometimes for the Northland,  
Where lakes and streams congeal;  
For the red and white roses your smooth cheeks hold,  
And the swift feet shod with steel!

Blue glories and white narcissus,  
And all of the fields abloom!  
Sweet, sweet are the wind-flung petals;  
But, oh, for the Northland brume!  
For the slopes all white and gleaming,  
For your pouting lips and red;  
For the glad, glad lilt of your laughing voice,  
And two on a coasting sled!

The creak of frosty axles,  
    Borne through the clear, cold air,  
For shrub and tree all frosty-white,  
    Like locks of an ancient's hair;  
For drifted snow in sheltered spots;  
    But more than all for you!  
And the steel-shod flight through the halls of night,  
    'Neath the star-etched vault and blue!

### WOULD WE WERE THERE.

Would we were on that green-clad knoll,  
Whence we two saw the landscape roll  
In earthen billows far away,  
Whence we saw distant forests sway  
Beneath a wind's insurgent whirl;  
But which scarce stirred the truant curl  
On your fair forehead; that sweet tress  
The roughest winds dared scarce caress!

Would we were there, whence we could see  
The wealth of valley, hill and tree;  
The stream, and hear its angry call,  
Where, tortured by the waterfall,  
It sprang in fury! and then flowed  
Complaining down its rocky road;  
Would we were sitting where today  
The winds and unleashed torrents play!





WOULD WE WERE THERE.



Would that we were! Of late I've dreamed  
Of those old days, and it has seemed  
That I have sat—you by my side—  
Where, at our feet, the valley wide  
Rolled down beneath the heaven's blue;  
And I have dreamed that every hue  
That then did glad our eyes was there,  
Each charm of landscape, sky, and air!

Would we again were on that knoll,  
In sweet communion, soul to soul;  
Where spoken language was as naught;  
Where thought swift answered unto thought,  
And lips were mute, and for the time  
The scene lacked naught of the sublime!  
Wood, vale and hill, and cloud-flecked skies  
Held some of glory from your eyes!

But wishes wipe no miles away;  
Dreams never bring back yesterday;  
Or, if they do, in phantom guise  
Intangible—I'd see your eyes  
Sweet purity look up to mine—  
Soul windows!—I would see them shine  
As they did then! your truant hair  
Wind-blown and free! Would we were there!

### A SONG.

There where good fellowship reigns over all;  
There where bright lights on loud wassailry fall;  
'Midst the rattle of chips and the clinking of glass,  
Where repartee quick, and swift badinage pass,  
Someone is singing—the words echo through—  
“I love nobody in this world but you!  
Your heart and my heart together shall twine;  
You give me your love and I'll give you mine!”

Hushed is all laughter, hushed are the quips—  
What they see I know not, I see red lips!  
I feel my heart in your wee hands clasped tight!  
I see your eyes with the old look alight!  
And my eyes utter softly to your eyes of blue:  
“I love nobody in this world but you!  
Your heart and my heart together shall twine;  
You give me your love and I'll give you mine!”

Yea, we were standing within the cool glen,  
Standing together alone once again !  
Deep shade about us, blue skies overhead,  
As we stood there in days that forever are dead !  
My lips said it not, yet I know that you knew :  
"I love nobody in this world but you !  
Your heart and my heart together shall twine ;  
You give me your love and I'll give you mine !"

I saw the huge elm and the scar on its side,  
And my eyes looked the love that I cared not to hide ;  
'Neath the old trysting tree we were sitting again,  
Gone, gone was our parting, the ache and the pain !  
The world seemed created for only us two !  
"I love nobody in this world but you !  
Your heart and my heart together shall twine ;  
You give me your love and I'll give you mine !"

## LONGING FOR YOU.

The yellow-winged butterfly dips to the rose ;  
The cannas flare red, and blue glories uncloze  
On the vine by the porch, all a-sparkle with dew ;  
But my heart is all sad, for 'tis longing for you.

I know where white marguerites stretch o'er the lea,  
And their perfume comes borne on the breezes to me,  
And the meadow-lark's wings are a-glint with the  
dew ;  
But his song is a torture ! I'm longing for you !

Still the warm shadows blend o'er the road that we  
took,  
And the path wends around by the side of the brook,  
And the wide water smiles back to heaven its blue ;  
But my heart knows it not ; it is longing for you !

Where the sycamore bends, where the bubbles float  
down,  
Where the trout seems asleep in the pool's umber  
brown,  
And the gold of the sunlight is filtering through,  
There was joy ere I knew this wild longing for you.

Night falls like a benison on the old vale;  
There's a tinkle of cowbells along the old trail;  
But far, far wend my ways, and all bordered with rue,  
And no promise of peace lights my longing for you.

### HIS RESTING.

I've been longing, longing, longing, and awaiting,  
    d  ar, your coming ;  
    Since we twain, our fingers interlaced, walked down  
        the river road ;  
On the bridge that spans the river I have heard the  
    drumming, drumming,  
    Of horses' feet, and heard them as they clattered  
        down the road.

I have watched the daisies blossom, and have watched  
    the white leaves falling,  
    And have seen the red rose petals sifting softly to  
        the ground,  
And have watched the birds fly southward, and my  
    heart kept calling, calling ;  
    But the wind brought back no answer, and the  
        world seemed in a swoond !



So from springtime, through the summer, till the  
autumn leaves are sifting

On the breath of coming winter, many winters,  
shall I go,

Ere the snows above my resting, softly coming down  
and drifting,

With their whiteness hide the portal to the journey  
all must go.

Till the spring breeze whispers softly, whispers o'er  
me in its questing:

"It must be that he is sleeping, whom we knew so  
long ago;

Still it seems, if he is sleeping, that he takes full long  
for resting,

And it seems he should be waking when the red  
wild-roses blow."

And the breeze shall softly ponder: "Tall white  
marguerites are blowing,

And the field-lark's, and the cat-bird's, and the  
oriole's loud call

Send their echoes o'er the landscape, and sleek wide-  
eyed cows are lowing—

Strange he gives so long to resting, he who once so  
loved it all."

“Strange he gives so much to resting; that his  
slumber so long presses  
Down the lids that used to open with the first light-  
shafts of day,  
When the clouds across the heavens were outspread  
like burnished tresses—  
He who o’er the dew-wet meadows used to take  
delighted way.”

“But it must have been the maiden, she who in his  
life came floating  
Vagrant as the thistledown that wafts so lightly by;  
Aye, it must have been—it must have been—the  
moonlit walks, the boating;  
Must have been the kiss at parting, must have been  
the pensive eye.”

“But the maiden was not for him, was not for him,  
and the knowing  
That he never, ne’er could win her, should have  
irked him not so much  
That he should so long for resting when she left him,  
and, in going,  
Left him heavy-hearted, fevered, for her peace-com-  
pelling touch.”

“But he’s resting—while the maiden—aye, what of  
her? In his sleeping

Does she sometimes walk beside him? If he’s  
sleeping, he must dream;

And she must be with him sometimes. Leave him  
resting, where the cheeping

Of the katydids shall soothe him, and the singing  
of the stream.”

## BYE-O, BABY.

Like a breath upon the pane  
Day is sped, 'tis night again,  
Darkness covers hill and plain,  
Bye-o, bye-o, baby.

Just a humble trundle-bed  
When the hours of day are sped,  
For my little tousle-head,  
Bye-o, bye-o, baby.

Just a hiding of the blue  
Of the skies and eyes o' you,  
Just a lullabye or two,  
Bye-o, bye-o, baby.

Just a roughly home-made spread,  
And husk pillow for your head,  
Just a little trundle-bed,  
Bye-o, bye-o, baby.

But, oh, tousle-head, my dove,  
Years, when mamma's up above,  
You'll look back to it with love,  
Bye-o, bye-o, baby.

Now the eyelids flutter down,  
Now the shadows hide the town,  
Shadows blue and umber brown,  
Bye-o, bye-o, baby.

God watch over where you lie,  
Smooth the paths your feet must try,  
Reunite us by and by,  
Bye-o, bye-o, baby.

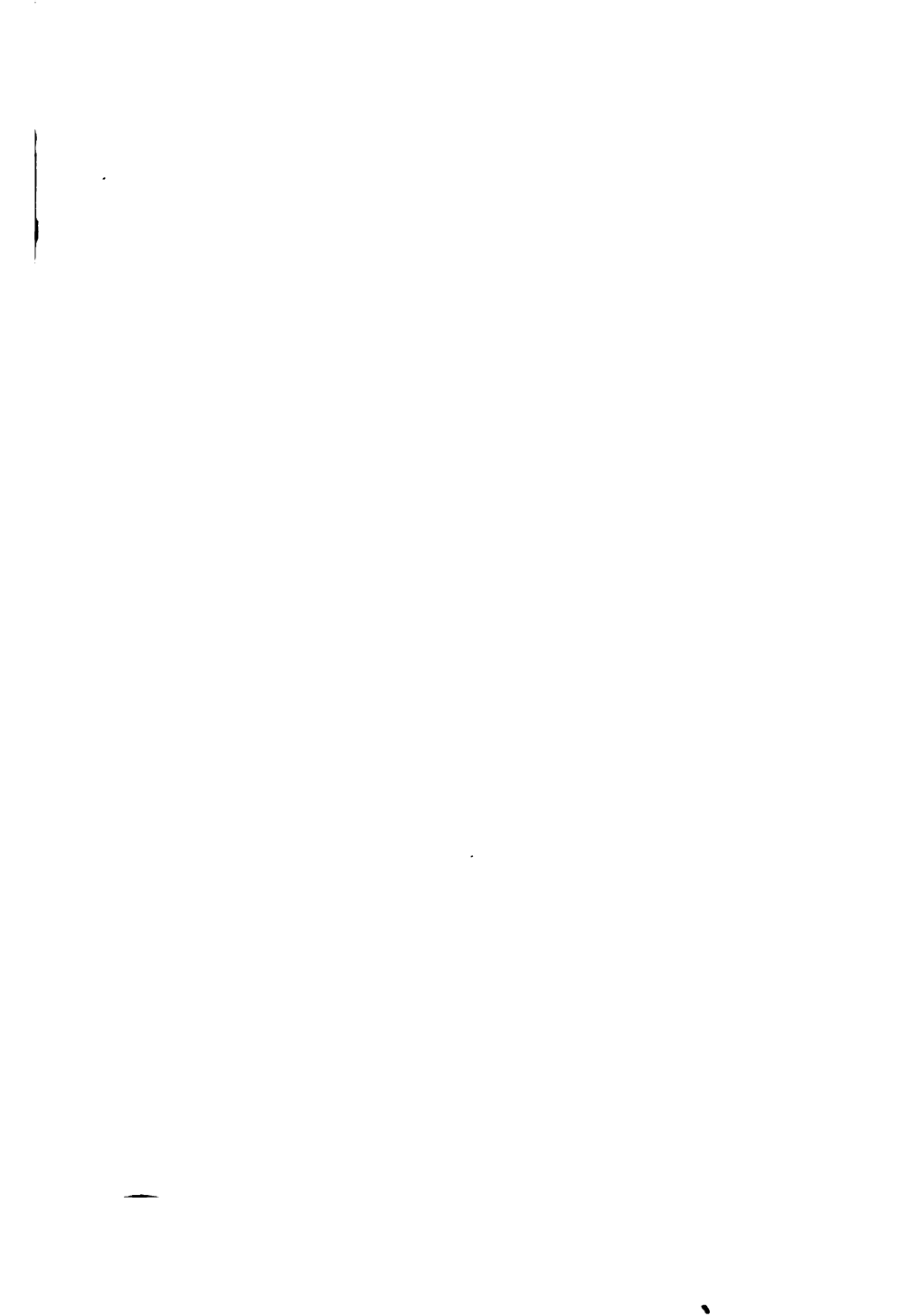
## A TIE.

I tied her shoes,  
    They were tasseled ties;  
And I watched her eyes,  
    They were gray, gray eyes;  
And I fumbled some  
    As I tied the knot,  
And her gray eyes laughed,  
    And my hands grew hot  
As I tied her shoes,  
    Tied her tassled ties,  
And my heart grew hot  
    As I watched her eyes.

As I watched her eyes—  
    Why, her ankle trim  
Was encased in silk,  
    And as smooth and slim  
As a dream-created



AND HER GRAY EYES LAUGHED.





Thing could be !  
And I watched her eyes,  
And they laughed at me  
As they saw my upraised  
Eyes enthuse,  
And my clumsy hands  
As I tied her shoes.

Ah, maiden fair,  
And slim, and tall,  
There be many things  
Hold a man in thrall ;  
But for tiny shoes,  
And for tasseled ties,  
And an ankle trim,  
And for gray, gray eyes,  
And lace lingerie—  
Ah, if you choose  
You can tie a heart  
To your tasseled shoes.

## THE BEST HOUR.

"Get down on the floor here, daddy ;  
Get down on the floor and play."  
And that is the song my baby  
Sings to me at close of day.  
"Get down on the floor and tumble ;  
Get down with me, daddy, do.  
Get down on the floor now, daddy ;  
Me 'ants to sit down on you."

Then overboard goes the paper,  
And down on the floor goes dad,  
And onto him clammers baby,  
And baby is more than glad.  
And daddy's a horse and wagon,  
Or daddy's a ship at sea  
And rolls with a little baby  
As happy as she can be.

Yea, rolls with the babe and tumbles  
And grumbles and haws and gees,  
And always a dimpled baby,  
With rounded and dimpled knees,  
Sits perched aloft unfearing  
And laughing with childish glee  
As the daddy ship goes tossing  
And tumbling across the sea.

And, oh, but that ship is careful !  
The waves may foam and curl,  
But never the ship goes plunging  
Too much for the baby girl,  
And never the horse gets fractious  
Or plunges or jumps aside  
So much as to mar the pleasure  
Of the wee little girl astride.

Oh, good is the hour of gloaming,  
When labor is put aside  
And daddy becomes a horsey  
A wee little girl may ride,  
Or daddy becomes a plunging  
Big ship on the stormy seas  
And is guided and captained onward  
By a baby with dimpled knees.

## LONG AGO.

I held her and kissed her—  
Her lips were as red  
As the rose in her hair—  
And she kissed me, and said—  
Oh, what does it matter  
The thing said, or how?  
I know that I kissed her  
On cheek and on brow.

And that was so long,  
Oh, so long, long ago!  
Like the lilt of the song  
That I heard, soft and low,  
My dear mother sing me,  
The mem'ry comes now  
Of the kiss she gave me,  
And my kiss on her brow.

'Tis a dream that will never  
Be true here again ;  
Ah, mothers and kisses  
Are not made for men !  
They are made for wee fellows,  
I've had 'em, I know ;  
For I was a boy  
In the long, long ago.

Aye, I was a boy,  
Just a tow-headed tad,  
All that gives a boy grief,  
All that makes a boy glad,  
I knew, and I had  
In the long, long ago,  
With the sweet mother kisses  
My lips used to know.

And I'll not forget—  
Ah, her lips were as red  
As the rose in her hair—  
How she kissed me and said—  
Ah, what does it matter—  
I loved her, I know,  
The laughing young mother  
I kissed long ago !

## LONGING FOR TEXAS.

No, it isn't hot in Texas; and the cool night dews are  
falling,

And the katydids are chirping in the grass beside  
the pool;

And from out the moonlit distances the mocking-  
birds are calling,

And I know the days are hazy and the nights  
perfumed and cool!

And I know the jasmine's blooming as it bloomed in  
all its whiteness,

And my heart is heavy in me for I'm far away  
today,

And my spirit lags forever, and my tread has lost its  
lightness,

And I'm humming "Down in Dixie," and my heart  
throbs "Look away!"

Oh, it isn't hot in Texas, for the cool gulf breeze is  
blowing,  
And the cattle are a-standing underneath the large  
oak trees,  
Or are wending slowly homeward from the pasture,  
lowing, lowing,  
And a drone comes softly to me from the honey-  
laden bees.

And I'm longing, longing, longing, for the day of  
my home-coming,  
For the lowing of the cattle, and the shadows on  
the stream ;  
For the mocking-bird's far calling, and the laden bee's  
soft humming,  
And the night dews falling coolly as the shadows  
in a dream.

Oh, the rolling, rolling prairie, and the grasses wav-  
ing, waving,  
Like the billows 'neath the gulf breeze in the per-  
fumed purple gloom !  
And my heart is heavy, heavy, and my eyes are crav-  
ing, craving,  
For the fertile plains and forests of my far off  
Texas home.

## LIZA.

Liza's comin', comin',  
Hear the streamlet laff;  
Liza is a-comin',  
Hear th' mockbird chaff;  
See th' birds an' blossoms a-wavin' on th' lea,  
That's bekuz my Liza-girl trips along ter me.

Ain't th' air perfumey?  
Ain't th' moments fleet?  
Oh, my heart is roomy  
For my Liza sweet;  
An' I wait 'er comin', heart a-jump with glee;  
Birds are singin': "Liza! Liza comes ter me!"

Shady paths are wendin'  
Where we'll wander through,  
Boughs are jest a-bendin'  
'Neath their weight o' dew,  
While I wait fer Liza, jest th' buds an' me  
Hear her sweet voice carolin', comin' o'er th' lea.



Hear th' echoes ringin',  
Silver tones an' sweet;  
Mockbird stops his singin',  
Hers is such a treat;  
Buds are ne'er so pretty, ne'er so sweet as she,  
Nothin's sweet as Liza when she comes ter me.

What makes Liza hold me  
In such bondage sweet,  
Till her charms enfold me  
Kneelin' at her feet?  
Till my heart seems burstin' bubblin'songs o' glee?  
Jest 'cause I love Liza-girl; she belongs ter me.

### WHY?

"Oh, why does he love me?"  
The sweet maiden sighed,  
Selecting the garments  
She'd wear as a bride;  
"Oh, what's there about me  
To've made such a mash?"  
Then the clerk rapped the counter  
And hollered out: "Cash!"

## THE JOURNEY.

Oh, loud is the laughter, and gleeful the song,  
And dancing and liting the stepping along,  
And the hailing of friends soundeth loud in the  
throng,

When we are anew to the road.

And sweet are the wee, baby lips to our own,  
And rare are the blossoms of life, fully blown,  
And love—how it deepens in every loved tone,

When we are midway of the road.

And rest—oh, the peace of the nearness of rest!  
When the hurly and burly of life, and its zest  
Are over, and when the sun glows in the west,  
And we near the end of the road.

Oh, well to have lived in this earthly abode,  
To have laughed and have loved and have borne well  
the load,

To have drifted along with the stream as it flowed,  
To the rest at the end of the road.





A WEE, DIMPLED BUNDLE ASLEEP ON YOUR ARM.

## MOTHER-SONGS.

Just listen at night when your baby is sleeping,  
A wee, dimpled bundle asleep on your arm,  
And the wind of the night is across the sill creeping,  
And touching the lips where the breath flutters  
warm,

And you'll seem to hear from the night and the distance  
The sweet lullabies that you heard long ago;  
That your dear mother sang with the loving insistence  
That lulled you to sleep as you swung to and fro.

Just clasp your own babe as the white moon is lifting  
Above the dark trees or the roofs of the town,  
And from the soft clouds, through the purple night  
drifting,  
The songs that you knew shall come fluttering  
down.

The songs that your own mother, lifting and swinging,

Sang to you soothingly, long, long ago,

The songs that yourself to your own babe were singing

The years shall give back in a voice you will know.

At night when the mist in the valley is lying,

Your babe in your arms, is the time for the spell;

When the night-bird calls loud and its mate is replying,

And the night wraps the valleys your heart knows so well,

Oh, listen, then listen, you'll hear a voice calling,

The voice of the mother-love, stronger than death;

And through the blue night like a sweet incense falling,

The old purple lilac shall send you its breath.

Then bend down and kiss the wee sleeping babe's dimples,

And snuggle her to you, and softly intone

The old lullabies, the old streamlet that wimples

Still sings by the home that your heart calls its own.

Just through your own mother-love shall the replying  
Come down the long years bringing balm to your  
heart,  
And the wee, rosebud lips warmly 'gainst your breast  
lying  
Shall kiss all the grief from your life, and its  
smart.

### WORRIED.

I did forget the chocolates  
    I meant to bring to you ;  
I did forget the funny page  
    From Sunday's paper, too ;  
I did forget the "so big" doll  
    You ordered me to bring—  
Did I remember anything ?  
    I didn't, not a thing.

I just remembered that last night  
    You coughed some in your sleep,  
I just remembered I awoke  
    And worried, just a heap ;  
I just remembered that your cheek  
    Was hot when pressed to mine,  
And that I left this morning, dear,  
    Before the daylight's shine.



I just remembered, dearie mine,  
The whole day's to and fro,  
That you seemed not exactly well,  
And that I loved you so!  
I just remembered, little girl,  
When noontime's whistles blew,  
That I was foot-loose and might go  
A-hurrying to you.

And then, when I drew near, dear heart,  
Where you were wont to run,  
No baby ran to meet her dad,  
No curls danced in the sun,  
And no arms went around my neck,  
And no one shrieked in glee,  
And no one called, "My papa's tum!"  
No lips were pursed for me.

And I was worried such a lot,  
And the old house did seem  
Like some place I had known of yore,  
Or dreamed of in a dream!  
My heart was 'way down in my shoes  
Until I heard you call:  
"Peek-a-boo, papa!" then it bounced  
Up like a rubber ball.

And didn't I just hunt you out  
From where you hid from me !  
And didn't I just tousle you  
Until you shrieked with glee !  
The roses red were in your cheeks,  
Again your blue eyes shone,  
And you were well as you could be,  
My own, my baby own !

And that's how I came to forget :  
I thought so much of you  
I could not think to get the things  
That you had told me to ;  
But now, when I go back to town,  
I'll get them all, all right ;  
Be sure to run and meet me, now,  
When I come home tonight.

## DAYS O' JUNE.

Noondays o' June days!  
Oh, the days o' June!  
Oh, the nights and moon's rays!  
Oh, the love-bird's croon!  
Oh, the woodland choristers! Oh, their lilting tune!  
Oh, the flower-bordered ways, bonny ways o' June!

Oh, the welkin clear!  
Oh, love's blue, blue eyes!  
Oh, the whisper low and near!  
Oh, the hand that lies  
For a moment in one's own! then, ah, all too soon,  
Hand and eyes and days are flown! Ah, the days o'  
June!

## DISAPPOINTED.

"A Poem to a Daisy,"

Read the caption, and, heigh-o!  
I was full of joy, and crazy!  
Till I got a chance to go  
Off to read it; for I knew  
There'd be blossoms dipped in dew,  
There'd be cloud-ships of rare whiteness  
Sailing in the ether blue,  
As they felt the summer's perfumed breezes blow.

"A Poem to a Daisy,"

So the rhythmic caption read—  
Oh, the morning sun was hazy,  
And the whole wide world was spread  
With a carpet of the sheen  
Of the smoothest softest green  
That had ever formed a carpet,  
Or my eyes had ever seen!  
And the skies were blue as turquoise overhead.

"A Poem to a Daisy,"

Oh, I read it, read it through,  
And the reading drove me crazy,  
And it filled my heart with rue;  
Its imagery was rare,  
And its skies were blue and fair;  
But it never spoke, not ever,  
Of blue eyes and golden hair!  
No, it never, never, never mentioned you!

---

Just a stocking, wee, and a rubber doll,  
An old pipe-case and a darning ball,  
A rubber cat, some sleighbells, and  
A paper wad in a rubber band;  
Some empty boxes, casters, too,  
A baby shoe with the toe worn through;  
A string of spools and an Irish spud,  
And a round-cheeked apple, red as blood—  
All these are scattered about my den  
Till the house's mistress wakes again.

### A DOUBLE PRAYER.

Tonight we've scanned the pictured page,  
And I have given fancy rein  
The thirst for knowledge to assuage  
Of my wee bairn; and I have slain  
The dragon with St. George's blade,  
And done rare deeds of derring-do  
By sunny way and moonlit glade,  
Till sleep has closed her eyes of blue.

Till sleep has closed her eyes of blue,  
And she lies on my arm all still;  
The footprints of the night, in dew,  
Are on the lawn, and clear and shrill  
The mockbird's song rings through the night  
From the top twig of yonder tree;  
And, oh, her form so wee and slight,  
Seems like a fairy tale to me!

And I would slay a dragon, too,  
For her dear sake, and mount and ride  
By fell, and brake, and mount, and slough,  
And stem all storm and battling tide,  
If so I might insure that she  
Should know no ruth through all her days;  
Should walk where birds sing in the trees,  
By pleasant and bloom-bordered ways.

For she's the world, and more, to me;  
My dreams come true, my bunch of bliss;  
The light on life's tempestuous sea;  
My morning and my evening kiss;  
With her dear arms about my neck,  
And her dear eyes with joy a-glow,  
The Universe might go to wreck,  
And I believe I'd hardly know.

She said: "I 'ays me down to s'leep——"  
And heavy drooped the golden head,  
"Me p'ays 'e Lord I'ms soul to teep——"  
And now she's ready for her bed,  
And daddy adds a word or two:  
"Oh, God, do as You will with me;  
But smooth the paths of Eyes-o'-blue,  
Oh, God, be good to Marjorie!"

## A GOOD OLD WORLD.

The mocking-bird  
In the ellow-tree,  
Oh, he sings, "The world  
Looks good to me!"  
And the katydid  
When it comes night  
Chirps loud and long:  
"The world's all right!"  
And I woke last night  
From my slumber deep,  
And I heard my babe  
Laugh in her sleep;  
And I stooped above  
Where my babe was curled,  
And I told myself:  
"It's a good old world!"



## LULLABYE.

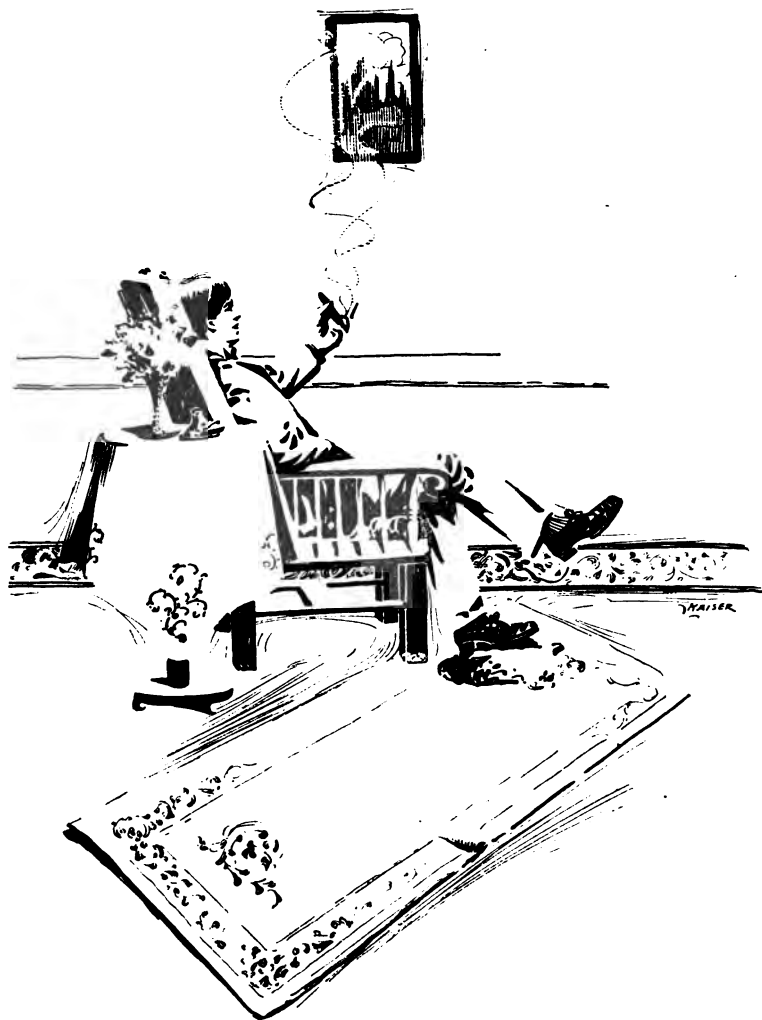
Elfland horns are faintly blowing,  
    Blowing, blowing,  
    Faintly calling;  
Little folks are sleepy growing,  
    Growing, growing;  
    Lids are falling;  
Wearily each shoe and stocking  
Comes away; outside the mocking  
Of the mockbird swinging, rocking  
On its perch rings clear and high  
Mingling with a lullabye.

Little folks asleep are falling,  
    Falling, falling,  
    Sleepy growing;  
Far away night-birds are calling,  
    Calling, calling;  
    Cows are lowing;  
Soon will all the world be sleeping,  
Babes in mothers' arms are creeping,  
And the katydids are cheeping  
To the moon up in the sky,  
All intoning "Lullabye."

## A SMOKE.

Ah, what is so good as a good cigar?  
Not the hopes of the future that fly afar;  
Nor the joys of the past, for they are gone  
With the past to die! How time has flown!  
In sorrow I ever have found relief  
From the fragrant breath of the burning leaf;  
And have quaffed deep, deep of the rare delight  
That lurks in a weed that is wrapped just right.

And ever and ever as ashes fall,  
And the smoke wreaths curl shall voices call  
Thro' the misty years to me, to me,  
And my life shall be what I'd have it be—  
A spirit of pleasure lies bound within  
The dark brown curve of the glossy skin,  
And happy Fancy doth preen for flight  
While trouble goes out with the match I light.



THE FRAGRANT BREATH OF THE BURNING LEAF.



Such a rare veined leaf and wondrous gloss  
Is only grown 'neath the Southern Cross,  
In far-off isles of the Southern seas;  
Where Night lies hushed by the melodies  
That ripples sing in a monotone  
As they lave the shores of the broad lagoon;  
And a fairy's kiss on each leaf brings forth  
The golden spots that shall prove its worth.

And it comes to me in the day's decline,  
In the hour when rest and content are mine,  
And it is sweeter than maiden's kiss,  
Less fraught with grief, more full of bliss;  
And 'neath caresses my lips bestow  
The smoke-wreaths rise and fancies flow  
In a rhythmic sweep, now near, now far—  
Ah, there's joy and peace in a good cigar!

## THE FLAGS.

Aye, bring the flags, the tattered and shot-torn,  
The rent and faded banners that were borne  
By hands now dust and cheered by lips now dead,  
Flung high o'er ramparts rent with shot and red  
With blood of brave, brave men of North and South!  
Aye, bring them back! With eyes tear-dimmed, and  
mouth

Whose lines show grief and back of grief a pride,  
The South will take them! For these flags have died  
Brave men—no braver! in the rain of death  
The flags they yielded only with their breath.

Aye, bring the flags, the flag at Sharpsburg lost!  
And bring the flag at Appomattox tossed!  
Bring them to Dixie where, for what they mean,  
The hearts long dust, the weary years between,  
Old Dixie's strains, the far-flung rebel yell,  
The sons who died in war's red seething hell,  
They will be treasured, kissed with pain-drooped  
mouth!

There is no North today nor any South;  
Abreast they march where unwon heights still gleam;  
But save the flags, mementoes of a dream.

RAY.

It does not seem so long ago,  
Not long ago at all,  
I heard you trotting to and fro ;  
Or, coming down the hall,  
I heard you pause outside my door,  
And listened for your call.

A little lass with lint-white locks  
And skin of satin sheen,  
And coral lips that barely showed  
The pearly teeth between ;  
Then you were three—or was it four ?  
And now you are sixteen !

And now you are sixteen ! Heigh-oh !  
Where have the glad years flown ?  
Where is the little girl in white  
Who cheered me when alone,  
Before I had a little home  
And wee girl of my own ?

Do you remember old dog Jim  
Who slept across my door?  
Do you remember "Billy horse"  
You used to ride of yore?  
And wee Ben chasing candle-bugs?  
Joys you will know no more.

Heigh-oh! I'm getting more than old,  
To muse in such a strain  
O'er dogs and boys and little girls  
I shall not know again;  
Though they are back there in the past,  
Life's an unturning lane.

But I am glad you are sixteen;  
Brown eyes I used to know  
Laugh back at me with the same look  
I knew, and soft and low  
A voice says: "She is just as sweet  
As in the long ago."



## SWEETHEART.

Sweetheart, my sweetheart,  
Now come the days of rue;  
The chilling days of weary ways,  
The ways that know not you;  
Oh, you are young and I am old,  
Am old and growing gray,  
It seems like losing youth again  
To see you go away.

Oh, Sweetheart, my sweetheart,  
It seems like scarce a day  
Since you were just a gleeful child,  
Barefooted at your play;  
And now you're old and fair and tall—  
What? Fifteen, did you say?  
Aye, lithe and lissome and fifteen,  
And I—I'm growing gray.

Sweetheart, my sweetheart,  
When others come to woo,  
When other ones of your own age  
Come shyly seeking you,  
Remember that old other one,  
Knight-errant now grown gray,  
Who knew you when a gleeful child,  
Barefooted at your play.

Sweetheart, my sweetheart,  
Life's shaded ways and cool  
Will seem but lone and wearisome  
With you away to school;  
Though I shall listen for your voice,  
So lilting yesterday,  
'Tis gone—I lose my youth again  
The day you go away.





FOR ONE MORE DAY OF THE ROWDY-DOW.

### WANTED.

Wanted—To trade a few gray hairs  
For some other days and some other wheres;  
A wrinkled and somewhat time-worn brow  
For one more day of the rowdy-dow  
Of a careless youth; and a bent old form  
For the time when my blood flowed quick and warm;  
And a crackled old voice for the shriek of glee  
That the dear old life once brought to me!

Wanted—To trade life's garnered lore  
For the dear old things that I knew of yore;  
All, all of the learning derived from books,  
For the bubbling glee of the running brooks;  
And wanted—To trade each falt'ring limb  
For the springy step and the youthful vim  
Which carried me up through the morning mist  
To the wooded crests that the sun had kissed.

Wanted—To barter the city's street  
For the country's ways and the perfumes sweet,  
For the rolling fields and new mown hay;  
And the cares of life for a chance to play  
On the old-time hills where a boy I played,  
Where wind-blown blossoms dipped and swayed,  
Where autumn's glories flamed and rolled  
Down the wooded slopes like a sea of gold.

Wanted—A bargain with you, O Time;  
All, all I have for a chance to climb  
Up the winding roads to the sun-kissed hills,  
Through the ferny brake to the singing rills—  
Ah! woe is me! I can offer naught—  
Not all of the honors my toil hath bought  
Are worth a day of the old-time joy  
That I used to have as a barefoot boy.

### TO THE NEW-BORN.

Just as you came I looked off to the east,  
And your sister, four years old, her hand in mine,  
Stood looking off there with me ; and the clouds  
Were heaped and piled, with every fold a-shine  
With ruddy gold cast by the rising sun ;  
And all the air about us seemed the hue  
Of yellow wine ; and so we stood and looked,  
Then turned about and looked—and there was you !

And there you were, in warm pink swaddling clothes,  
And thence your voice arose, thin as the note  
The winds play on the river reeds, and sweet,  
As sweet to me as from the mockbird's throat ;  
You cried ; and that you cried, oh little girl,  
I wondered not ; I saw the gates ajar  
That let you out of heaven, and I saw  
The cheapness of the home where now you are.

And that you cried I wondered not at all ;  
To be so flung from Paradise were bad,  
But to be flung into such arms as mine  
Were more than bad ; that you can e'er grow glad  
Because of your changed state 'tis hard to think ;  
But I will try so hard to do my part  
To make you glad ; you know, dear, that you fell  
Not in my arms alone, but in my heart.

Not into just my arms, but in my heart  
And in my life, and in your mother's, too ;  
Say, did you find us unprepared at all ?  
Did we not smile as we were waiting you ?  
Oh, nameless one, oh, helpless one, and wee,  
You don't know half how sweet a world is this ;  
And I will watch you, guide you, through it all,  
And wake you every morning with a kiss.





